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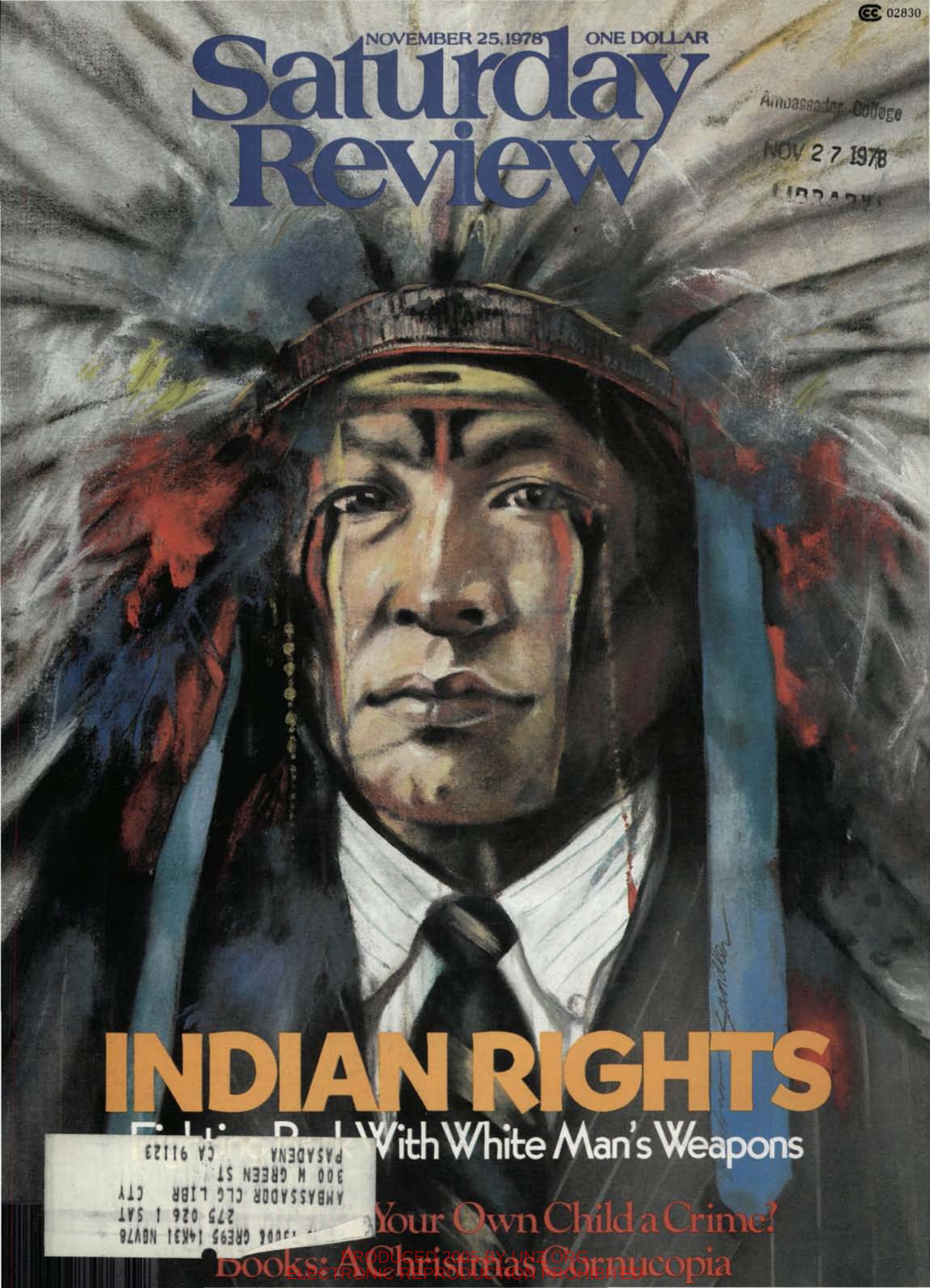

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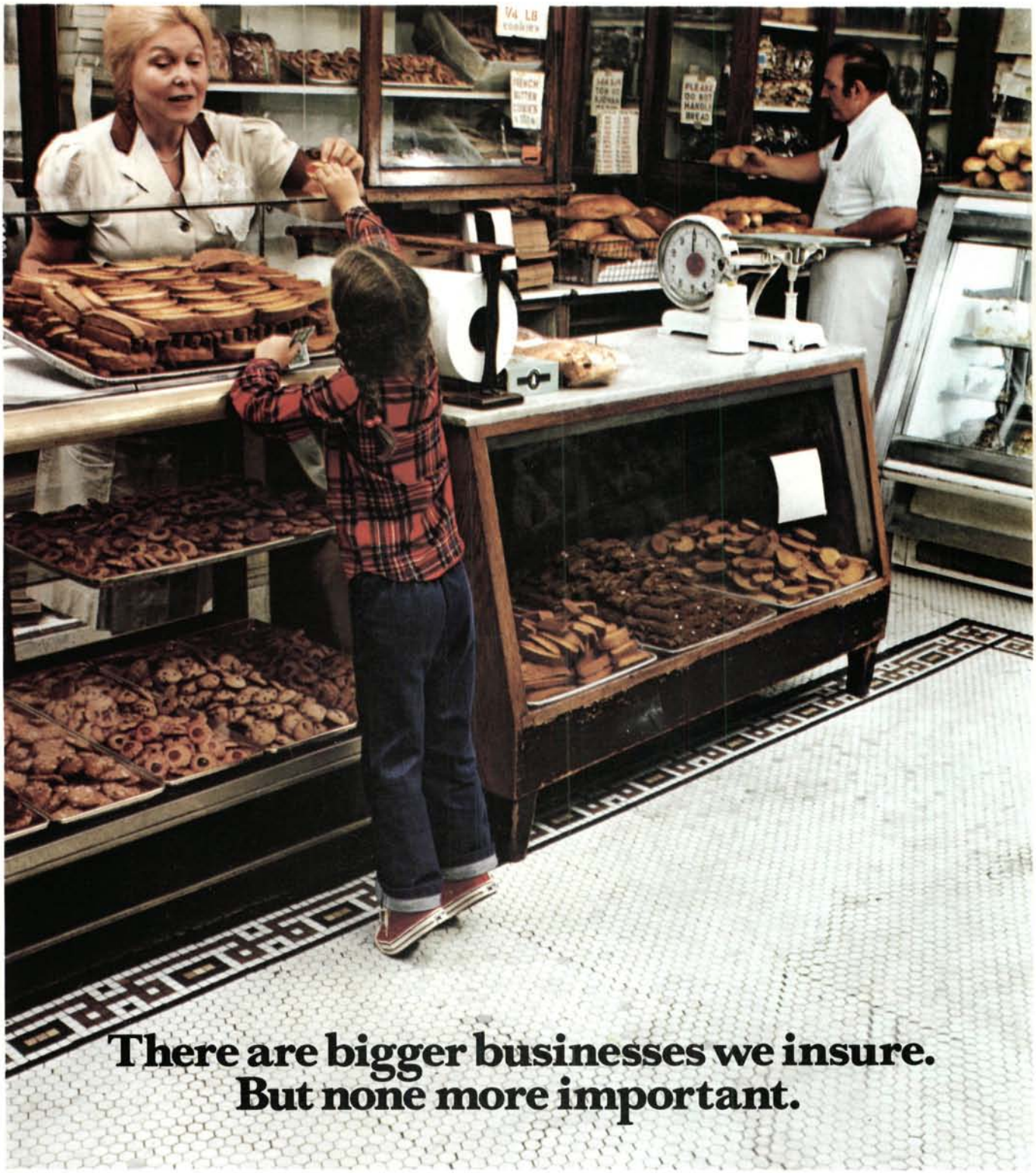

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Business and the rational mind, Part VII

Energy solutions and nonstarters•Where a government role is needed•Accent on achievement

Is there a role for government in the energy business, or should the government just stand aside and leave it to the energy companies?

Of course there's a role for government—an important, affirmative role. An essential role. That's just the point: The government seems incapable of comprehending what role it should play and how it should play it.

Many of the country's energy problems today stem from government's inaction in critical spheres at crucial times in the past. As a result, some of our present problems are soluble only if the federal government plays a stronger role—of the right sort.

As we have said over and over during the past seven or eight years, what is essential is a comprehensive national energy policy, to set goals and to create the parameters and establish a climate within which the private sector can operate efficiently.

- Only government can set forth national goals and work out the necessary compromises to reconcile conflicting regional and other interests and to recognize the natural priorities among various energy sources.

- Only government can develop the ground rules under which private industry must work.

- Only government can formulate a national policy on environmental trade-offs that will strike a sensible and workable balance between unacceptable environmental risks and unacceptable economic risks.

- Only government can hammer out the sort of balanced policy that does not permit extremist approaches to environmental protection to delay for years progress toward achievement of national goals on energy.

It seems to us that the policy formulated by the government should, among other things, recognize the need for reasoned and balanced economic growth to create jobs for a growing population and to enable more and more disadvantaged Americans to attain a higher standard of living.

Having struck a reasonable and rational balance on fundamentals, the nation should then, we believe, develop a timetable with quantified goals for such component elements as crude oil, natural gas, coal, and nuclear power, liquefaction and gasification of coal, oil from shale, and, in a longer time frame, energy from more exotic sources. In our view, this should not be a finely detailed blueprint, but rather a clear and unequivocal statement of basic energy goals. The primary goal should be greater energy self-sufficiency.

For at least the rest of this century, conventional oil and natural gas seem certain to remain our primary energy sources, and the only other two major sources on which we can count with any certainty are coal and nuclear power. In the real world, there is no feasible alternative in this time frame.

It seems to us that joint industry-government task forces are essential to make sure no important piece is omitted from this extraordinarily complex jigsaw puzzle. Prohibiting the participation of people with firsthand knowledge of the energy business and with years of experience in it can only produce the sort of Rube Goldberg energy program that has been debated on Capitol Hill the past 18 months or more.

The United States has the resource base, the work force, the technical skills, the management, and the organization to meet its future energy needs. Given realistic policies, including minimal regulation of the marketplace, industry can probably raise the huge amounts of capital required. In the last analysis, however, it will be the rate of return on capital—that is to say, the profitability—of the energy industries that will determine how much gets done.

We recognize the burden that higher-priced energy places on the economically deprived. To the extent that there is a serious adverse impact on the poor, government should deal with it directly—by subsidy to them if necessary—rather than by a general distortion of fuel prices. Arbitrary controls that delay the development of additional supplies will only aggravate the problems of the poor.

Unless we assure ourselves of the energy required to sustain the well-being of the American people, no arms or armament can assure the nation's security, nor can social programs of whatever sort assure its stability.

The question of whether there is a role for government in this answers itself: There is an essential, affirmative role for government—a role that, unfortunately, the government still seems unable to comprehend or unwilling to play. And this is the crux of America's energy problems.

For reprints of this seven-part series, write Mobil, Box T, 150 East 42 Street, New York, New York 10017.

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Saturday Review

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America's hospitals may be stricken by a dangerous epidemic.

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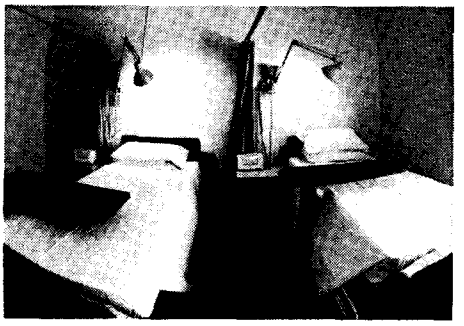

Waste. How many times have you heard it? You could stay at a luxury hotel for half of what it costs to stay in the hospital.

The rising cost of health care is far outstripping the rising cost of living. And that bothers us as much as it bothers you.

Through healthy competition, we want to be able to provide future generations with the kind of health insurance coverage that keeps 177,000,000 people protected today. The kind that even protects 147,000,000 Americans against catastrophic expenses.

But though the system's obviously sound, no one, including us, has done enough about containing health care costs.

That's why we support this concept: Every hospital should obtain a Certificate of Need that provides written evidence that a *proposed hospital facility is needed*, or an existing one fills a necessary service. By requiring a Certificate of Need, wasteful and unnecessary duplication of hospital facilities and services would be prevented, and current and proposed spending justified.

We've put together a booklet called *Eliminating Excess Hospital Facilities*. We'll send you one free if you'll write us at: Health Insurance Institute, Dept. 11, 1850 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

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LETTERS

Collegiate Capers

I have read "The Corporation in the Classroom" [Sept. 16] and can only conclude that Fred Hechinger did his research in an hermetically sealed barrel. I say this as a college professor who since 1963 has held this nation's first Chair of Private Enterprise and has aided in establishing similar efforts in over 30 institutions of higher learning.

Those who put up the money for these Chairs rarely operate on a quid pro quo basis, i.e., if the quid is money and the quo is selling your soul. In my own personal experience, the only thing expected is excellence, and that, I believe, is a legitimate expectation.

Michael H. Mescon
Association of Chairs of Private Enterprise
Atlanta, Ga.

Fred Hechinger's article contains an inaccuracy which, although apparently slight in itself, has an important bearing upon the thrust of the article.

In his first paragraph, he states that "more and more corporations are now underwriting college courses intended to teach the superiority of free enterprise." In the second paragraph he says, "According to the Council for Financial Aid to Education, industry has already underwritten 100 such courses." Mr. Hechinger obtained this information not from the council itself but from an article in *The Wall Street Journal* headlined "Capitalism 101" about college courses in economic education sponsored by corporations. He assumed that the reference in it to the council's turning up "about 100 programs linking campus and corporation" referred to courses on economic education. It didn't.

The reference is to a booklet published by the Council that lists about 100 different programs sponsored by corporations, college faculty, and college students to increase their understanding of the economic system.

It is our feeling that Mr. Hechinger has exaggerated both the extent of corporate influence on campus and its threat to academic freedom. College leaders today are not worried about campus control by corporations: They are worried about *government* domination.

One of the few remaining non-government sources of financial help is increased voluntary support, and corporations represent the largest potential here. While some corporations are doing a conscientious and thoughtful job, too many are still not doing nearly so much as they could.

John R. Haire, President
Council for Financial Aid to Education, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Fred Hechinger replies: I stand corrected in my citation of the Council's listing. This technical correction in no way lessens my concern over the threat implicit in the exertion of corporate influence described in my article. Since I share the Council's aim to obtain increased corporate support for higher education, I hope Mr. Haire will speak out against those who would reduce such support by making it conditional on an ideological quid pro quo.

Fully prepared to trust that Professor Mescon has not sold his soul, I would nevertheless feel more comfortable if he had not written to me on stationery bearing the letterhead "Chair of Private Enterprise." I would be no happier to receive official academic mail from a "Chair of the Welfare State."

CORRECTION: The October 28 cover was incorrectly credited. The photographer was Steve Meyers.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER 11 PUZZLES

WIT TWISTER No. 130 (page 66)
horsed, Rhodes, shored, Herods, reshod

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT No. 119 (page 66)
Punning is a talent which no man affects to despise but he that is without it. —Swift

MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 159 (page 67)
(Mary Louise) Lau: (The) Delicious World of Raw Foods
Oysters are like champagne. ... They definitely create a gala atmosphere, and people tend to wax ecstatic... over them. ... That they contain an aphrodisiac is... (alas!) a myth. But... since eating raw oysters is... a sensual experience, they continue to be written up as seduction foods.

WIT TWISTER No. 128, in the October 14 issue, was contributed by Elizabeth Doughty

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Unwelcome News

It has become fashionable to note with satisfaction that blacks and other minorities are finally catching up to whites, if slowly. That cathedral of intellectual respectability, the Rand Corporation, even said so in a study last April. But a new and far more comprehensive report just issued by the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights indicates that the gap between white males on the one hand, and minorities and women on the other, has actually increased from 1960 to 1976 in such areas as high-school attendance, job mobility, and unemployment, while income differences have failed to narrow. Though the study found several instances of substantial improvement, in none of 21 different categories did it find minorities equal with whites.

The 136-page study, entitled "Social Indicators of Equality for Minorities and Women," carefully offers no accusations, but leaves our image of social justice in tatters. Among its findings, taking 1976 as the present:

Median family income among blacks is 63 percent that of whites, no higher than it was in 1968.

White male teenage unemployment has risen from 10.6 percent in 1970 to 15 percent—bad news, but not as bad as the figure for blacks during the same period, which skyrocketed from 20.5 percent to 47.8 percent, and for Puerto Rican youths, more than half of whom—55.2 percent—lack jobs.

Occupational segregation—herding members of a group into a limited variety of jobs—has increased substantially among minorities and women since 1970.

Fifty percent more black high-school graduates than whites have jobs for which they are overqualified.

Minorities do not receive equal pay for equal work. Black males receive 85 percent the wages of white males in the same job with comparable qualifications; even white women receive only 57 percent of the white male salary, just as they did in 1959.

But the timing of the report almost seems designed to frustrate its goals: In an era of congressional budget-cutting and middle-class militancy, increased appropriations for social services seem extremely unlikely.

As one of the study's authors, Havens Tipps, modestly remarked, "Even though we've pointed out that we have these problems, and that we have some solutions that will work, this may not be the best time to bring them up."

Babette Katz

Pages From the Good Book

In an ancient monastery perched at the foot of Mt. Sinai, a wall collapses beneath the weight of repairs. The unlettered workmen gaze in bafflement at the room beyond, where cartons full of dusty, crumbling texts lie atop one another. When archaeologists rush to this tumbledown library, they find scattered among the recondite volumes an ancient edition of Homer's *Iliad*, scrolls of the New Testament stretching back almost as far as any we possess, and nine of the pages missing for the last 130 years from the Codex Sinaiticus, the most authoritative Greek version of the Old Testament known, perhaps the very translation that the New Testament writers themselves kept by their elbow.

Though this striking scene took place in 1975, in the Greek Orthodox monastery of St. Catherine—the Greek government has withheld announcement of it until now. Perhaps they were embarrassed at the rather haphazard method of scholarship, which, however, seems to be the accepted fashion at St. Catherine's: As far back as 1844, Conrad Tischendorf stumbled across a pile of trash destined for the monastery oven—a pile that held the bulk of the Codex.

Few scholars have been able to gain access to the texts so far, but a German specialist has already heralded the cache as "the sensational find of the century." This entirely un-German exuberance apparently proceeds from the news that the nine pages of the Codex include large sections of Genesis, the fountainhead of Western myth. Alas, it's a little late in the day for new versions of old stories.

Submissions

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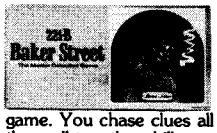

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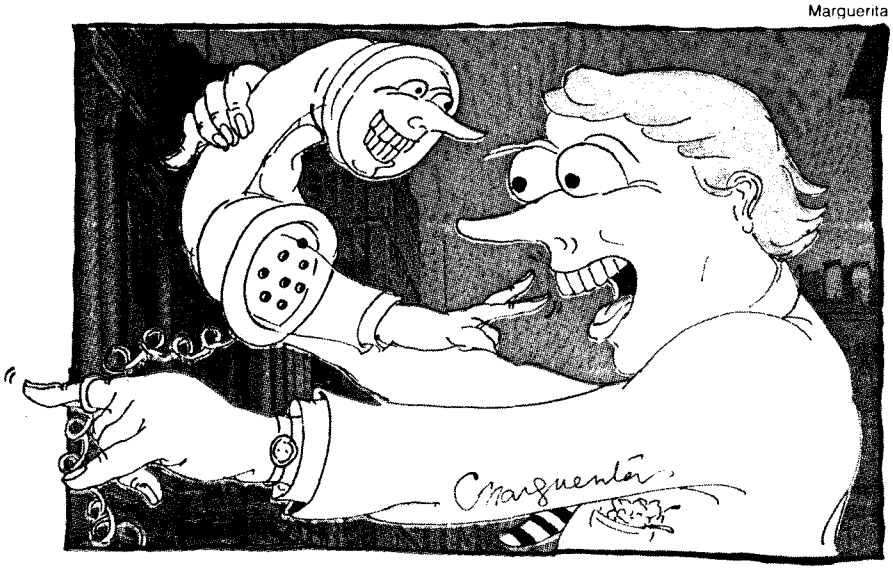

Conspicuous Abstention

Do you feel a twinge of conscience when you buy that food processor? Do you think, I could make do with a blender? Or better still, I could chop? Then pull your hand out of your wallet, reach for the telephone and dial (415) 956-5744, where a MINT volunteer will try to argue you out of the purchase.

The San Francisco-based group, named after the wild herb, is to low growth what Alcoholics Anonymous is to sobriety. Its ultimate goal, according to founder Michael Phillips, "is to get people to voluntarily lower their incomes," and thus decrease consumption—an un-American idea if there ever was one.

In order to conquer the acquisitiveness of the consumer teetering on the brink of disaster, MINT volunteers adopt the eminently practical strategy of calmly, logically pointing out feasible alternatives. In the case of the food processor, they would suggest, first, that you try calling friends who have one and are sure to be bored with it, and swipe it from them; then, that you share it with said friends; next, if your friends don't take the hint, that you find a substitute, like the blender; and lastly, appealing to the tiny vestige of Thoreau in all of us, that you just keep on chopping.

So far, says Phillips, the success rate has been hovering at "about two out of 25." Apparently America is not yet ready to board spaceship earth.

Let the Terrorist Beware

You won't read about it in *Women's Wear Daily*, but the latest fad among physical culturists in high places may be the fine art of taking classes in anti-terrorist mayhem. But you'll have to hurry if you want to be the first one on your block to wipe out a kidnapper with a briefcase.

In a recent issue of *Security Management* magazine, author Barry Brandman suggests that his readership of bodyguards teach the bodies they guard how to disarm or dismember potential assailants. Brandman suggests a bloodcurdling pep talk to get the executive in the mood: "Detailing the rise of terrorist activities in the United States and abroad can help point out the need for such a program."

But the inference that a corporate nabob will have to be led to this particular slaughter is wholly mistaken. He'll love it. After all, no true-blue executive would shirk the responsibility of protecting his firm's most vital asset—especially when that asset is himself.

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SATURDAY REVIEW OUTLOOKS

Editorial: Winning the War Against Famine

THERE IS GOOD news for the world in the report of a committee of agricultural scientists who have been searching for "new" crops that can be grown in populous areas in the tropics and that can help turn back the threat of mass famine.

The committee, appointed several years ago by the National Academy of Sciences, has been especially interested in Asian and African countries formerly under colonial rule. The patterns of agricultural development in those nations had been shaped more by the needs of the Western powers than by the needs of the indigenous peoples. Under colonial rule, much of the land was used for export purposes. The emphasis was on tree crops such as rubber, palm oil, cocoa, and bananas, rather than on crops that would supply food for the human beings who lived there. To a large extent, the same agricultural patterns were retained even after most of the nations achieved their independence.

Why should so much attention be given to the agricultural possibilities of the tropics? Unlike the temperate zones and subtropical zones, where land is generally moist and receptive to seed, most of the tropical areas are either too wet or too dry, or alternate between both. It is believed, however, that many billions of acres in the tropics not now suitable for cultivation could be made so. Even in tropical regions where only trees are now being grown, it is possible to introduce and cultivate new food-producing trees.

What kind of crops? This is what the National Academy research scientists have been trying to determine.

In this year's annual report of the National Research Council—the working arm of the Academy—Roger Revelle, one of the nation's leading agricultural scientists, has written a fascinating summary of the committee's newly completed study. Mr. Revelle's account shows the study to be a historic document worthy of the kind of attention given the Club of Rome's "Limits of Growth," published in 1972. For if the academy's report is translated into active programs by tropical nations of Asia and Africa, the world may yet be spared some of the horrifying hunger disasters that have been so widely predicted.

Mr. Revelle begins his summary by pointing out that hundreds of thousands of plants exist on earth but that only 100 of them are in widespread cultivation. Of this hundred, only about 30 provide 95 percent of the calories and protein consumed by the world's peoples. The assignment of the specialists appointed by the National Academy of Sciences was to enlarge this list of edible crops—not so much for the purpose of pleasing the human palate as for increasing the world's food supply.

The scientists identified the vast range of food plants in the world—used and unused, wild and domesticated. They have catalogued 400 plants not now in general use that would be appropriate for large-scale cultivation in tropical countries. Of these, 36 were selected as being especially promising in terms of edibility and nutritional value. Some of these crops, like the leguminous plants, were described as being attractive economically because they make their own fertilizer by extracting nitrogen from the air. Other crops are desirable because they can be made to yield an abundant harvest after a short growing period. Still other plants have a high place on the list because the food they produce can be easily and inexpensively stored or preserved for extended periods.

The 36 plants have exotic names, like Guilielma gasipaes (peach palm) and Xanthosoma sagittifolium (cocoyam). Probably the most promising of them all is Psophocarpus tetragonolobus, the winged or flying bean, which has four green flanges, or wings, that run the length of the pod. It is now grown in New Guinea and Southeast Asia. The report says that this plant is potentially more capable of relieving protein hunger in the world than is any other known vegetable, including the soybean. Within two and a half months after planting, it produces edible green pods. The beans are ready after four months. A mixture of winged beans and maize has a protein value as high as milk. Since winged-bean oil is polyunsaturated, it is regarded by the nutritionists as superior to saturated oils and fats.

Some problems exist. Mr. Revelle says that genetic research on the winged bean is necessary in order to produce a variety with strong short stems that don't need stakes to support them in rains and high winds. Still other research is recommended for processing the winged bean into curd, gruel, and other foods similar to those obtained from soybeans.

Also standing high on the list of the 36 most desirable crops are grains known as "amaranths." These grains, which come in three main varieties, produce about 15 percent more protein and 53 percent more starch than corn grown on the same amount of acreage. In the pre-Columbian era of the Americas, amaranths were the major grain crop in the tropical highlands. The amaranths were a casualty of the Spanish conquerors, who were eager to eradicate the main elements of Indian civilization and who knew that the amaranths were of religious significance to the Indians. The report of the Academy scientists recommends that the amaranths be fully developed in the tropical highlands of the world. The concentrated food value of the grain makes it especially suitable for people in areas where roads and vehicles are scarce.

The report also identifies crops that can provide a greater quantity and better quality of livestock feed than those now in use in unirrigated arid or semi-arid lands. Prominent among these is a buffalo gourd with easily threshable seeds. The enormous roots of the gourd contain a prodigious amount of starch. Mr. Revelle says that intensive research is needed to deal with the possible toxicity of the gourd. Such a problem, however, is not more complex than similar problems already successfully met by agricultural scientists in various parts of the world.

The report emphasizes the fact that vast tracts of land in the world have yet to be cultivated. The Academy scientists are confident that much of this land can be conditioned for farm purposes and that, indeed, the total area now under cultivation in the world can be doubled.

The central significance of this report is that the human race is not locked into a ghastly famine inevitability. The land exists. So do the plants. The knowledge is waiting to be tapped. All these elements can come together if the values can be mobilized that will put human life and meaning first on the world's agenda. N.C.

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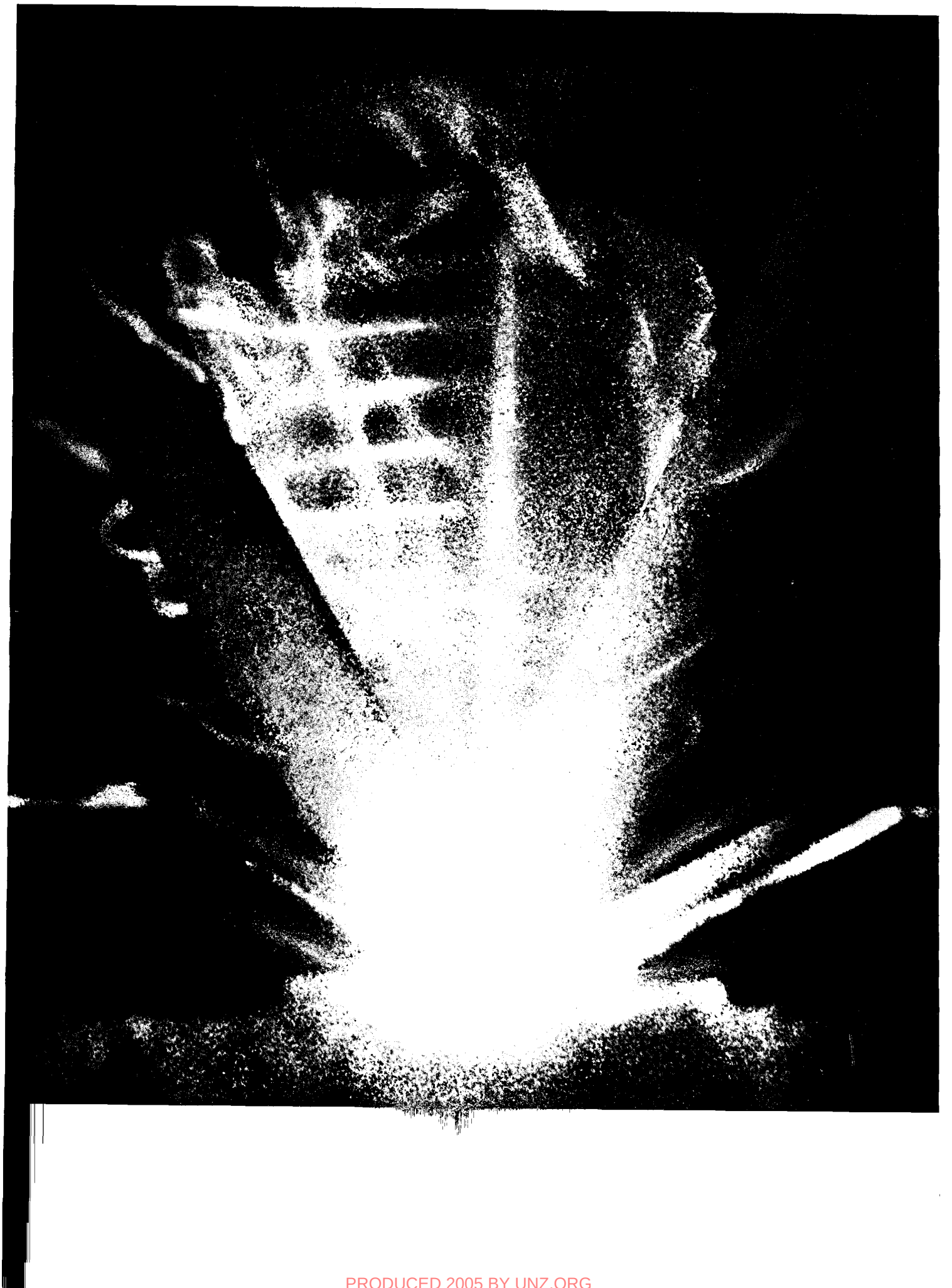

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The Atomic Bond.

Using tiny explosive charges, Western Electric engineers are bonding metals with the elemental "glue" of the Universe.

Here's how it works. The atoms of all metals have a natural attraction for one another. If it weren't for the ever-present film of impurities coating the surface—the oxides, nitrides, and absorbed gasses—all metal atoms would bond to each other when brought together.

Exploding Things Together.

But the force of a high-intensity explosion on two adjacent metals will clean away the film of impurities. The explosion literally "blows" the impurities off the surfaces. So the atoms of the different metals can bond together.

The bond that results is stronger than both of the metals themselves.

As an industrial technique, explosive bonding has proved valuable in the manufacture of such heavyweight products as bi-metallic gun barrels.

Pinpoint Explosions.

But how would explosives work in the delicate, intricate world of telephone circuitry?

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NOTES FROM THE BLUE COAST

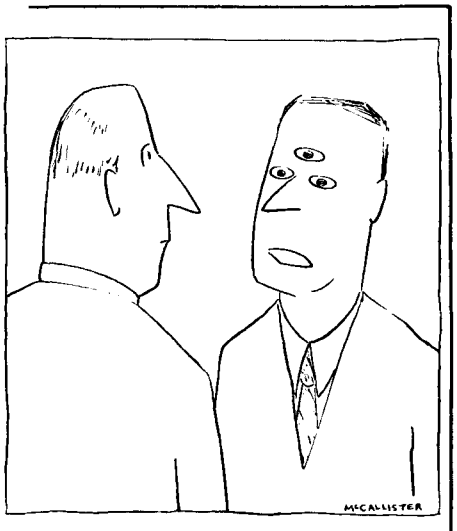
The Truth of the True Shroud

by Anthony Burgess

TURIN IS NOT too far from here. Ten minutes' walk up the hill to Monte Carlo station, brief ride to Ventimiglia, direct train to the city of Fiat and the famous Shroud. You will know about this Shroud, which has been on exhibition to celebrate the fourth centenary of its arrival in the city. There seems to be no doubt that it is the winding sheet in which Christ's body was placed on its deposition from the cross. There is the imprint of a double image of a man nearly six feet tall, bearded, long-haired, with stigmata in the feet and wrists, a lesion in the side, manifold piercing of the forehead.

The days of crying *fake* and *hoax* are long over. No painter of the Dark or Middle Ages could have had the skill to forge the image. When the first photographs were taken of the Shroud in 1898, the image was seen to be clearer in negative than in positive. Any hoaxer would have had to know about this effect centuries before the effect was possible. The question remains—and I gather the question is being very professionally probed, especially in America: How did the imprint get there?

Some experts, like Ian Wilson, incline to the possibility of a kind of radiation image, a scorching, a flash photolysis. The body of Jesus lies dead in the dark tomb. Suddenly there is a burst of supernatural power from it. The blood dematerializes, but its image and that of the body become fused into the cloth, and a snapshot of the resurrection is preserved for all time.



"It suddenly appeared one evening, doctor, while I was attending a class in speed-reading."

A more homely suggestion comes from Rodney Hoare, whose starting point was the ammoniac odor given off by a baby's soiled diaper. A body subjected to extreme torture would be covered with perspiration. The urea in the sweat would decompose and give off ammonia.

Now we can claim the testimony of tradition as well as the Gospels to the effect that the body was packed with a number of spices, aloes among them.

The combination of aloes and ammonia would create a kind of fixative to print the image of the deceased on the shroud. But if the body decomposed—as it would in, say, a day and a half—that image would be blurred, and the image is not blurred. Either the body was removed, dead, from the shroud within that period, or else the body was still alive. This leaves out the question of miraculous resurrection, but one should only invoke the miraculous as a last resort. Hoare thinks we can get on very well with the Sherlock Holmes commonsensical. He believes that Christ was not dead: He was in a coma.

We have so mythicized Christ's resurrection that we are rarely willing to look coldly at the physical circumstances of death on a cross. For centuries people believed that Christ carried the entire structure, upright and crosspiece together, on the long road to Golgotha. He did not: He carried only the crosspiece. It has been assumed that the nails went through the palms of the hands. They did not: They pierced the wrists, going through a hole in the middle that broke no bones but producing a nervous contraction that folded the thumb inwards to the palm (on the Shroud there is no thumb imprint). Death was caused mainly by inability to breathe. The victim writhed up and down, sometimes for days, trying to get air into his lungs. The quietus was affected by breaking his legs, which stilled the writhing.

Now (according to the Scriptures) no bone of Christ's body was broken. The side was pierced, but possibly not the lung. Though there was no sign of his breathing, an invisible set of diaphragmatic contractions might have ensured a minimal supply of air. Christ, remember, was an orator who knew all about diaphragmatic breathing. The body removed from the cross was, then, alive but comatose. The flesh was badly pierced and flayed, but none of the lesions it received was necessarily fatal.

So, continuing this line of supposition, Christ woke up in the tomb. Conceivably the temple guards rolled away the great stone during the night, aware that there was a load of aromatic preservatives there which could be sold at a fair price. They confronted a living body. They ran away, scared. Christ got up and walked away.

He would need, so the medical experts affirm, something like three weeks to recover from his injuries, so the possibility of his showing himself to Mary Magdalene and the disciples within three days is not (if we leave the miraculous out of account) seriously to be entertained. He would, moreover, be suffering from brain damage—not quite a zombie, but certainly a man much reduced in mind: From now on the spreading of the Word must necessarily be left to others. He, and everybody else, would certainly believe that he had experienced true death and that he was now truly resurrected.

I recognize that, to orthodox Christians, there is a terrible difficulty here. The conquest of total and irreversible death is the cornerstone of the faith. I have never, in my stupidity or perhaps crass and willful irreligion, seen why it should be. I would say that the victory over the attempted killers that this recovery from coma represents fulfills all aspects of the prophecy. Christ's death may not be death to us, but it was certainly death to Pilate, Caiaphas, and the victim himself, victim-victor rather. Therefore the recovery was a miracle, a rebuilding of the Temple in three days. I don't think orthodoxy is really assailed by the theories of modern medicine.

Some of my readers may already have seen and even studied the Shroud. For my part, I experience no particular lifting of the heart at the possible evidence offered by Shroud study that Jesus Christ not only existed and suffered on the cross but, through a kind of primitive photography, manifested his physical reality to posterity. The real wonder of Christianity lies in its doctrine of charity and tolerance. We need to weave this living tissue, not examine an old shroud. The real miracle is still to come, if we let it. ◉

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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

A Lowdown Doggone Dirty Shame

by Thomas H. Middleton

BACK IN THE early days of "talking pictures," there used to be scenes in which a codger, in great vexation, would snarl, "Consarn, dingblasted, goldurn, blagstabbin'..." and his wife would caution him, "Watch yer language, Paw!" "Sorry, Maw, but that onnery dang critter..." and so on.

I think the dialogue was probably not altogether dishonest. There used to be millions of people who *did* watch their language. I'm sure there still are a great many, though far fewer than there used to be. I once knew a man whose strongest oath, which he used frequently, was "Jiminy Christmas!" and I also knew a man who actually, no kidding, used "Cheese' and crackers got all muddy!" as an expletive.

So the codger of films was not too farfetched. But American films did lean a bit far in the direction of purity until fairly recently. It was ludicrous that even honeymooners in American movies always slept in twin beds and that a Hollywood-film bathroom consisted of a wash basin, a bathtub, a shower, and no other bit of plumbing. When Clark Gable said he didn't give a damn in *Gone With the Wind*, he created an even greater stir than he had by not wearing an undershirt in *It Happened One Night*. Tough-talking GIs in World War II films had an incredible way of saying "heck," "darn," and "doggone."

It was always, in fact, downright embarrassing the way our armed forces minced words in the movies. On the other hand, life and art do have a way of supporting each other, and when General McAuliffe was asked to surrender at Bastogne, his response was, "Nuts!" I think that his counterpart today would say something much more pungent—so pungent, in fact, that it wouldn't be documented as a quotable reply.

As we all know, the floodgates opened sometime during the Sixties, and these days the language in films and literature has a pungency that I frequently find depressing, and I think I'm a couple of light-years away from prudery. Again, life and art are on a two-way street, and I hear otherwise beautiful children using language that used to get young mouths washed out with laundry soap.

One of the unfortunate offshoots of the new "free speech" is that in some cases language that was once considered objectionable is now not merely accepted uncritically but rather is considered an absolute necessity.

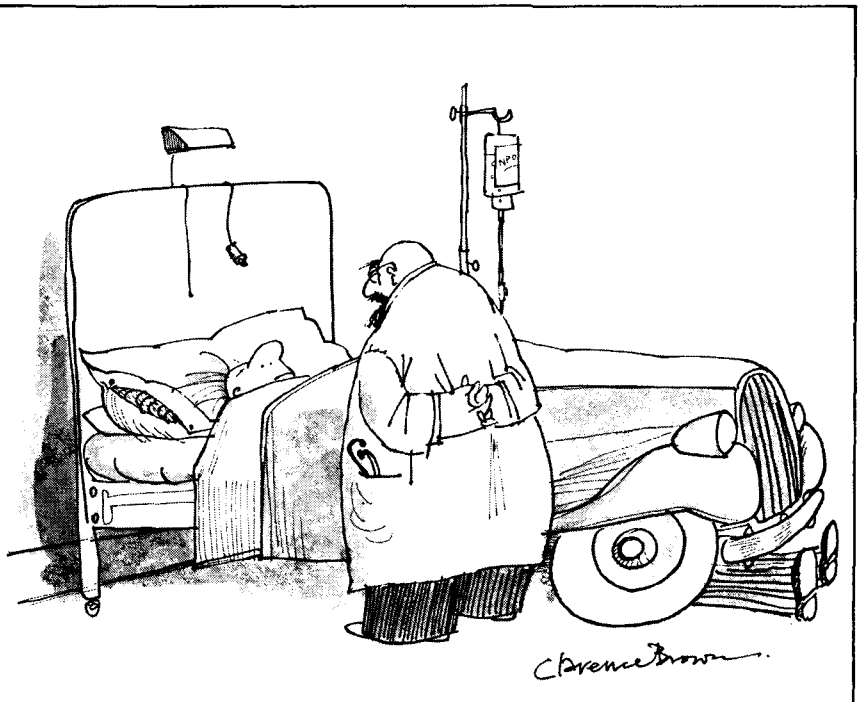
My friend Sy Gomberg, who introduced me to the inexplicable but undeniable pleasure of casting a dry fly into a stream in the hope that some unfortunate trout will mistake it for a mosquito, writes and produces films when he isn't fishing or playing golf. His latest film, *Three Warriors*, is an exciting and utterly delightful story of an Indian boy, his grandfather, and his horse. As it unfolds, it says some very important things. But unfortunately for its financial prospects, the film is rated G, for general acceptance. According to Sy and several other knowledgeable film people I've talked to, a G rating can be the kiss of death. In recent years, since the rating system came into being, there have been a great many cheap G-rated films that, after very expensive advertisement, have proven to be rotten entertainment.

So a lot of people, having been burned by this trash, are twice shy about G-rated films (with the notable exception of those coming from Disney Studio).

To me, the saddest reason for the poor box-office return of G-rated films, though, is that when that enormous film audience of "the kids"—those young people from about 12 years old to their early 20s—see that a film is rated G, they assume that the film is kid stuff. Unless there's enough sexually explicit material, or at least enough raunchy conversation, in a movie, they figure it isn't adult enough ("adult" having taken on a new meaning since the "free speech" movement). As a result, film-makers frequently insert a nude scene or enough profanity or obscenity to merit a PG (parental guidance) rating. This automatically makes the film "adult."

Using the insight of hindsight, I suppose this absurd situation, gummed over with hypocrisy, should have been predictable, but I know of no one who actually predicted it.

I'm a strong advocate of free speech, and I'd hate to see a return to the days when even the mildest profanity was censored from the movies; but there's something wrong when really good pictures like *Three Warriors* (and others, I'm sure) have a hard time getting distributed simply because their characters watch their dadgummed language. ◉



"We're working on it."

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WASHINGTON

Mr. Smith Goes to Washington

by Tad Szulc

THE FIRST PRINCIPLE in the process of diplomatic mediation is that the mediator must be credible to both sides, and thus able to speak for both. It was President Carter's application of this principle that made possible the Egyptian-Israeli settlement at Camp David. But the administration disastrously ignored it in its attempts, together with Britain, to bring about a peaceful solution in Rhodesia, and thereby avert the nightmarish prospect of a many-sided war in southern Africa.

When Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith visited the United States during October on a controversial public relations tour, one thing became instantly clear: The administration has as little credibility with him as with the radical Patriotic Front guerrillas and their supporters in the black "front line" states in Africa. The net result of Smith's presence was that the Rhodesian stalemate grew even more intractable: The Prime Minister bitterly denounced the Anglo-American mediators for allegedly breaking their pledge to support his "international settlement" formula, while the radicals berated them for not being tough enough with Smith.

This state of affairs, in turn, increased the danger of a full-fledged civil war between Rhodesia and the guerrillas, quite possibly involving the Soviet Union and Cuba on one side and South Africa on the other.

Conversations with specialists in and out of the government suggest that, in the first place, the Carter administration failed to take sufficiently into account the reality that Smith and the Patriotic Front guerrillas (who are themselves split into at least two major factions) are equally stubborn. Neither side is prepared to move toward new compromises—and the black militants are even more implacable.

After Smith took three "internal" black leaders into his government last March under an official settlement plan, which was to culminate in a general election with the participation of *all* Rhodesian groups, Washington allowed itself to believe that this process would come to happy fruition.

The idea was that after the internal settlement deal, Smith and the Patriotic Front would agree to hold a general conference leading to elections under United Nations supervision. But greater insight into Rhodesian realities would have shown that this simply was not in the cards. In fact, some government insiders say that the Carter administration's approach neglected a serious analysis of the overall situation in favor of optimistic intuitive judgments, those of U.N. ambassador Andrew Young being foremost.

All this seems to have led to a second crucial American error: U.S. diplomats gave leaders of the guerrilla forces and the "front line" states the impression that they could count on automatic American support against Smith.

At that point, American policy lost its cohesiveness and the administration deprived itself of the necessary flexibility and credibility to remain an effective mediator. There are reasons to think that Secretary of State Cyrus Vance was less than happy with African policies developed early in the administration—he is too careful a diplomat to say so—but Ambassador Young and his allies in the State Department bureaucracy carried the day with the President's blessing.

The policy thrust going back to 1977 was that the United States must devote its unquestioning support to black majority rule in Rhodesia. By the time Vance fully reentered the picture, it was probably too late to change the early perceptions of American policy.

As matters now stand, the Patriotic Front, backed by most of the "front line" states, refuses to enter into discussions with Smith's interim regime. Its demurral is based on an assumption—fostered partly by its interpretation of American policy—that time is working for it and that it will ultimately be able to take over the Rhodesian government through military action. The Anglo-American plan, of course, contemplates no such dénouement; rather it is committed to the concept that the rights of whites, and of blacks who are not linked to the Patriotic Front, must be protected under black rule.

Smith, for his part, has no intention of going to a conference with the Patriotic Front, because he is convinced that it would be the prelude to a takeover by what he calls "Marxist guerrillas."

Taking the offensive, he insists that the U.S. and Britain have not kept their side of the bargain. Despite his incorporation of the principle of black majority rule in the interim government he set up last March, Smith complains, his apparent allies have withheld recognition from his new regime and have continued U.N.-mandated economic sanctions.

Here, however, Smith is manipulating history, which underlines the extent to which the whole mediation process initiated by Kissinger more than two years ago has come unraveled. The truth is that the agreement accepted by Smith at a meeting in Pretoria with Kissinger and former South African Prime Minister Vorster on September 19, 1976, provided for recognition and an end to sanctions only when an authentic interim government was formed in Rhodesia. Proof of authenticity was to be the representation of all black factions, and the installation of a black prime minister.

An additional fact, now overlooked, is that the Kissinger document was drafted with the support of the "front line" states, which were supposed to prevail on the Patriotic Front to attend a conference with Smith.

The African situation is both tragic and ironic, as far as the Carter Administration is concerned. It was thanks to skillful American diplomacy that Angola, a pliant state friendly with the Soviet Union and Cuba, reached an agreement last summer with neighboring Zaïre, a western client, to bury their differences. The most promising dividend of this rapprochement is that Angola now seeks ties with the West, lessening her dependence on the Soviets and the Cubans.

But this process may collapse if southern Africa becomes more volatile. The Rhodesian deadlock may have been one reason for the recent hardening of South Africa's foreign policy, notably in the decision in September to reject a scheme of independence involving U.N.-supervised elections in Namibia (her South-West Africa mandated territory) in favor of elections run by Pretoria alone. Namibia borders on Angola, and the leftist regime in this latter country, finding the new situation intolerable, may veer away from the West again.

If the United States hopes to avert a vast African drama, it must quickly convince the two sides that they need the United States to resolve the conflict, and that no other nation in the world can accomplish this objective. ◉

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Is Educating Your Own Child a Crime?

by Stephen Arons

DURING THE SUMMER OF 1977, Peter and Susan Perchemlides planned a home-instruction curriculum for their eight-year-old son, Richard. There was nothing unusual or difficult for them in this task, for these well-educated parents had taught their two oldest sons at home some years earlier. In early September of that year, the plan for Richard's home instruction was submitted for approval to the local superintendent of schools as required by state law. Eight months later, on April 6, 1978, complaints were issued in the District Court of Hampshire County in western Massachusetts against the Perchemlides for failure to send Richard to school. Dr. Perchemlides, a Ph.D. in biochemistry, had been accused of the crime of educating his own son.

The struggle between the Perchemlides family and the public school authorities of Amherst, Massachusetts, is not yet over; but the reactions of the parties, their attorneys, and the local press already show that the issue of state control over child-rearing practices touches the deepest feelings and values of American families and evokes the harshest of institutional reactions from the school system. In the narrowest sense, one economically poor but culturally advantaged family is simply seeking to educate their child within the family fabric and according to their perceptions of his needs. In a larger sense, however, the Perchemlides are asking whether there is room in America for dissent in the education of children.

The Perchemlides came to the Amherst area in 1975, drawn by the quiet beauty of the rolling hills and small farms spreading east from the Connecticut River. In their view, the academic institutions that set the tone for the area—the University of Massachusetts and Amherst, Hampshire, Smith, and Mt. Holyoke colleges—and the tolerant and progressive reputation of the schools and families in town would all contribute to the health and development of the family. This move was a substantial change from life in Boston where Peter had been first a research fellow at Massachusetts General Hospital and later a research associate at the Harvard University Medical School. Upon arrival in Amherst, Richard was enrolled in the second grade at a local elementary school, Mark's Meadow, run in conjunction with the University of Massachusetts' School of Education. The oldest two of the family's five children were enrolled in the public school system as well, and everything seemed promising.

But now the family is locked in a bitter battle with the Amherst School Department over Richard's education. Both sides claim they are acting in the child's best interest; and while neither side ascribes the actions of the other to self-interest or personal malice, there is apparently no compromise possible. At bottom, the struggle is over which side can justifiably express and seek to pass on to Richard its own values and world view, its own politics.

Looking back over the first year of what was to become a seemingly interminable controversy, Richard, now nine and a half, recalled his reactions to the one year he spent in the public school. "If you did something wrong, everyone would laugh. You had to do it just so, and it was boring to do it that way." Perhaps this is the meaning of the story his mother, Susan, tells about Richard's reaction when asked at school to provide a caption for a drawing of a woman in fancy clothes waving at someone. Richard reportedly thought it was "a working-class woman all dressed up to go somewhere she didn't get to go to much," but was afraid that if he said this the school counselor "wouldn't like us and our family." He simply replied, "I don't know."

The home education plan drafted by the Perchemlides is based on not only their earlier experience in educating the older boys at home, but also on their own views of natural and social order, and most pointedly by their reaction against the values, philosophy, and practices of the Amherst School Department. The curriculum document itself is extensive, containing page after page of detailed plans in such areas as language arts, earth science, ecology, music, mathematics, nutrition and health, and physical education, including a two-mile jog each day. The document has been reviewed by numerous education experts and found to be sound. Dr. David Campbell of the University of Pittsburgh School of Education, a consultant to public and private schools on curriculum and methodology, and the author of several books and over 40 articles, found the Perchemlides' program to be "the equivalent of a first-rate private academy both in its tutorial system and in... the curriculum."

'The issue of state control over child-rearing practices touches the deepest feelings of American families, and evokes the harshest of institutional reactions from the school system.'

When the family first raised the issue of home instruction with the Amherst Superintendent of Schools, Donald Frizzle, it apparently caught him by surprise. When asked later what his initial reaction had been, he commented, "I'd never been asked that before, and I had no particular procedures that I would normally just follow." Frizzle gave the family a form ordinarily used by the school department for private school approvals and told them to do the best they could with it. Meanwhile, he began a search for clarification of his legal powers and duties. Massachusetts compulsory attendance law requires that every child between the ages of six and 16 attend a public school or a private school approved by the local public school board, or be "otherwise instructed in a manner approved in advance by the local superintendent or school committee." The problem was not only that there were no prepared forms and procedures for the approval of home education plans, but that neither Frizzle nor the school committee had standards for making such approvals.

The Perchemlides' request for approval of home instruc-

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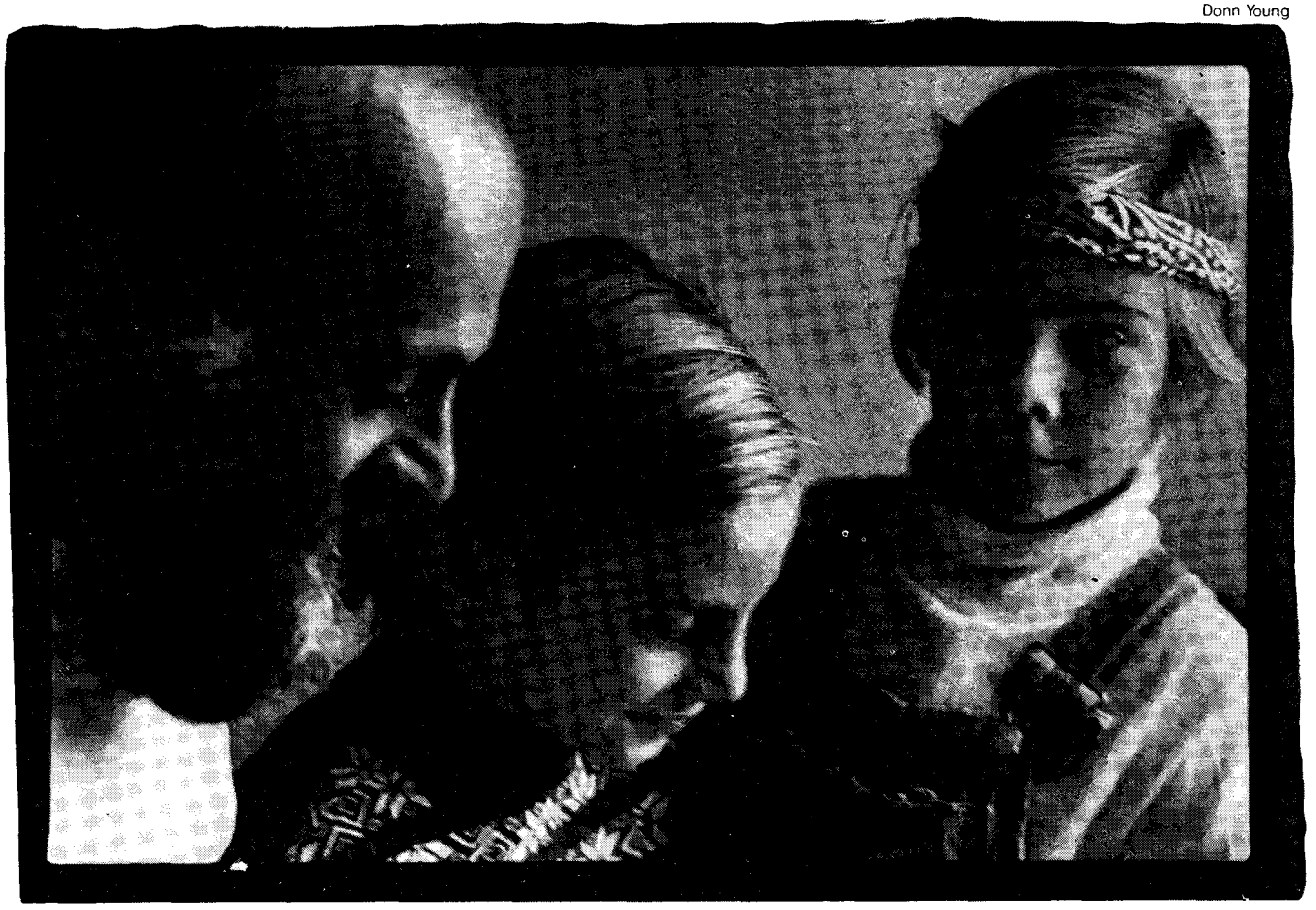
Donn Young



Peter Perchemlides with Richard (center) and Keith — "Seeking to educate his children within the family fabric."

tion is not, of course, the first time that a legal battle has been necessary to determine the relative power of government bureaucrats and individual families over the education of children. Over half a century ago, the U.S. Supreme Court declared unconstitutional one of the most blatant attempts by government to control value inculcation of children through schooling. In 1922, the state of Oregon had passed legislation requiring all children to attend public schools only. In declaring that the "child is not the mere creature of the state," the high Court ruled it a violation of fundamental constitutional liberties for a state to seek to "standardize... children by forcing them to accept instruction from public teachers only." Since 1925, the *Pierce* case has become a force for the maintenance of parental liberty in education, yet even in that case the Court implied that some regulation of education by the state was within constitutional bounds.

Two years later, the Supreme Court further narrowed the circumstances in which a state may restrict parental power over a child's education. The government was prohibited from eliminating alternatives to public school and also from regulating those alternatives so extensively as to make them identical to the public school. In the 1927 case of *Farrington v. Tokushige*, the legislature of Hawaii had unsuccessfully defended a set of private-school regulations which encompassed teacher qualifications, the content of textbooks, and a teachers' pledge to "direct the mind and studies of pupils in such schools as will tend to make them good and loyal American citizens." As with the *Pierce* case, the Court in *Farrington* was quashing a kind of jingoistic know-nothingism that was common in the 1920s' fear of diversity.

In the last 50 years there have been only two major cases that further delineate the limits of government power to control education through regulation of alternatives to public schooling, both of which have had a religious basis. In 1972, members of the Amish community of Wisconsin refused to send their children to any school after the eighth grade, claiming that the worldly, competitive, materialistic values of school undercut the communal religious values embodied in the Amish society's living church. The Court, in *Wisconsin v. Yoder*, upheld the Amish parents' act of conscience and invalidated the Wisconsin compulsory attendance law as applied to them. The case made clear that the Amish definition of education as learning-through-doing was sufficient to meet any legitimate government interests in education.

The Perchemlides suit differs substantially from the Amish case in that the Perchemlides do not claim a religious basis for their convictions about family values and interpretation of the meaning of life, making them conscientious objectors without religious identification. It differs also in that rather than challenging the compulsory attendance law, the family seeks instead to comply with that part of its provisions in Massachusetts which makes home instruction a right. The crucial issue on this point is whether the government may so regulate a legislatively sanctioned alternative to public schooling that its distinctive quality is eliminated or contorted. Since 31 other states permit home instruction in fulfillment of compulsory education laws, the scope of legitimate government regulation is of central importance.

The second major school regulation case was *Whisner v. Ohio* in 1976. Although it, like *Yoder*, relied on religious claims, the federal court in *Whisner* ruled that the government may not use even a system of minimum standards in

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the regulation of nongovernment schooling if the result is to effectively eliminate real alternatives to the public school. In spite of the negative view that both Court and Constitution have taken toward government monopoly on education, the desire to hang on to power seems to have prompted the Amherst school authorities to claim "absolute discretion" in passing upon home education plans and to dismiss the parents' plan and values as "pet educational theories."

Confronted with a unique local case and a body of legal doctrine that is forceful but not detailed, Superintendent Frizzle and his staff seem to have been genuinely confused about how to react. Perhaps it was beyond their experience to be confronted with a family that insisted on defining what was best for their child's education. But the kind of process that the school department established to deal with this situation is an indication that they perceive a threat to professional power and government control of education in the Perchemlides' request. From interviews, depositions, and internal memoranda, the picture emerges that the school authorities meant to avoid a straightforward conflict.

At the outset, the superintendent asked for the submission of a written home-education plan but did not give any standards which the parents would be required to meet. Considering that failure to meet the school department's criteria could expose the family to criminal sanctions and even, ultimately, to the seizure of their son by the State Welfare Department, this vagueness would itself be enough to merit legal condemnation as a denial of due process. Upon submission, the plan was turned over to the school department staff for evaluation. Later, the superintendent was to claim that the standards of judgment were those mentioned in the statute for the approval of private schools, namely, that the program "equals in thoroughness and efficiency, and in the progress made therein, that in the public schools in the same town." Just what this equivalence really meant has never been specified, but counsel for the family, Wendy Sibbison and James Disceglia, knew it could not literally mean "the same as" the public schools or the *Pierce, Farrington*, and *Whisner* cases would have to be overruled.

The school department offered a four-inch-thick sheaf of papers purporting to describe the curriculum of the school system. Was it this to which the parents had to make their plan equal? Frizzle replied, "The burden is on the person who wants to do this." But do the parents have to equal every detail of this curriculum? No, but the parents could not be told which aspects they had to match "because that would be an invasion of their values and policy." They must "do what they feel is proper"; then judgment would be passed.

' Considering that the parents might still suffer criminal penalties and lose their son to the state, proceedings before the school committee resembled the Star Chamber. '

As it turned out, that judgment was passed on the proposed program on October 7, 1977, when the Perchemlides were notifed that their plan had been rejected. Although each of the four grounds on which the plan was denied was based on lack of information, the family was not asked for further details. Neither was the family ever confronted with the negative opinions of the school department's experts or given a chance to refute or counter them prior to the decision. The reasons themselves are part of the roller coaster of confusion created by the school department. Although the plan is for *home* instruction, and such instruction is a right under state statutes and court decisions, the superintendent disapproved of the plan in part because it provides no "group experiences." The school department was unaware that a 1967 New Jersey case, *N.J. v. Massa*, dealt with just this issue, ruling that "to hold that the statute requires equivalent social contact and development would emasculate this alternative and allow only group education, thereby eliminating private tutoring for home education."

The superintendent also objected that the family had made no indication that they had the "training or background appropriate to the task you propose to undertake." Although Frizzle publicly admits his respect for the family's home life and for Peter's "immense intelligence" and "deep philosophical thinking," he notes that a Ph.D. does not necessarily know how to teach children. Yet the family had educated the two oldest sons, Greg and Steven, at home for four years; they were then enrolled in Amherst public schools where they received A's and B's their first year.

After their plan was rejected, the family sought a review of the case before the school committee, whose power is concurrent with that of the superintendent. Here the standards become still more confusing and contradictory, and the procedure becomes still more Orwellian. The school committee met five times to discuss the case. At the first meeting, the family was present with counsel, but no hearing was held because the school committee found it necessary to request additional curriculum information from the Perchemlides and to seek legal counsel on their powers in this matter. The committee subsequently received both sets of information, but never notified the parents or their attorneys of the meetings at which all the facts were to be considered, the expert opinions heard, and the witnesses examined. Considering that the parents might still suffer criminal penalties and lose their son to the state, proceedings before the school committee resembled the Star Chamber. The family had no notice of hearing, no counsel present, no opportunity to present its own expert witnesses about the quality or philosophy of the curriculum they proposed, no opportunity to cross-examine or even hear the witnesses who testified their plan was unacceptable, no knowledge of the standards being applied, and, ultimately, no statement of the reasons for the school committee's December 16, 1977 denial of their request.

During all this time, the Perchemlides continued to educate Richard at home, trying to undo what they viewed as the damage done by Richard's year in the Amherst public school. Richard, like the rest of the family, was under intense and increasing pressure as a result of the conflict with the school authorities. After a year in the spotlight, Richard would admit that he "liked being recognized." "But," he was quick to add, "I like even better just staying at home."

After the school committee's denial of the family's "appeal" and its refusal on January 30, 1978 to reconsider, the school department began to increase the pressure on the family. Up to this point, the superintendent had seen no need to "jam the law on them" and had never really questioned the sincerity of their teaching efforts or the adequacy of their home environment. In fact, in a deposition taken during this past summer, Frizzle admitted that he had implicitly approved the home instruction plan before.

Between threats, negotiations, and a general reluctance to set the wheels of the criminal law in motion, it was not until April 6, 1978, that criminal charges were finally brought against the Perchemlides under the state truancy statute. The family's lawyers, working virtually without pay because Peter was unemployed and Susan was a full-time student, immediately filed a civil suit seeking to halt the criminal prosecution, to force the school authorities to formulate standards for approval of home education plans, and to approve the family's plan pursuant to such standards.

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Peter and Susan with (left to right) Matthew, Keith, and Richard—"An economically poor but culturally advantaged family."

The family's suit contends that the school committee's standards for approval of home education must be minimal. Since the family's rights of privacy, conscience, and belief are at risk in government regulation of education, the suit seeks to require that any regulation of the right of home education in Massachusetts be justified by a compelling state interest. Most important, the Perchemlides call for an end to the practice by which education standards and truancy laws are used to impose the educational philosophy and political and cultural values of the school bureaucracy upon individual families.

The case now rests before the Superior Court where, at this writing, the school authorities still seek to prevent a public hearing of the facts by taking the position that the parents have no claim and should therefore be dismissed from the court. The criminal charges have been dismissed because of the pending civil suit, but they could be renewed if the family is unsuccessful at trial. It seems unlikely that the matter will reach an out-of-court settlement or even end with the Superior Court.

It is ironic that this case should develop in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which considers itself the birthplace of universal education and the cradle of individual liberty in America. As the case moves beyond the personal struggle of one family and one school bureaucracy, it seems increasingly to ask whether something has happened in the development of public education to bring it into conflict with the principles of individual liberty and free and vigorous dissent upon which our Constitutional order rests.

One might have thought that this contradiction was put to rest in 1925 when the *Pierce* case denied the legitimacy of a government monopoly of schooling. One might also think the matter was settled in Massachusetts in 1897 when the state's highest court interpreted the compulsory education statute to allow home education and enunciated the purpose of compulsory education to be "that all children shall be educated, not that they shall be educated in any particular way." The issue refuses to go away.

Perhaps it is the growth of government-operated schools as self-justifying bureaucracies which highlights the parents' perception of their differences from public school ideology and moves them to resist. And perhaps the absence of more such resistance is explained by the flattening of cultural diversity and personal individuality that is left in the path of the public school steamroller. At any rate, the Perchemlides have brought forth out of their personal life, and at substantial personal risk, a serious question. (See box, page 20.)

For over 100 years, Americans have assumed that education decisions are properly the province of the political majority. For 50 years, we have admitted the danger of such an assumption only when dissenters could ascribe their views to some organized religious theology. The Perchemlides seek nothing more than their due under a state statute which creates the right of home education. But their actions have turned our assumption into a question. Can a politically democratic and individually robust society afford to allow majority control of value inculcation in schooling, or does the freedom to learn, to form beliefs, and to develop personal consciousness free of government coercion need the same protections as the freedom of speech and religion?

Stephen Arons, an attorney and professor of legal studies, frequently contributes to Saturday Review.

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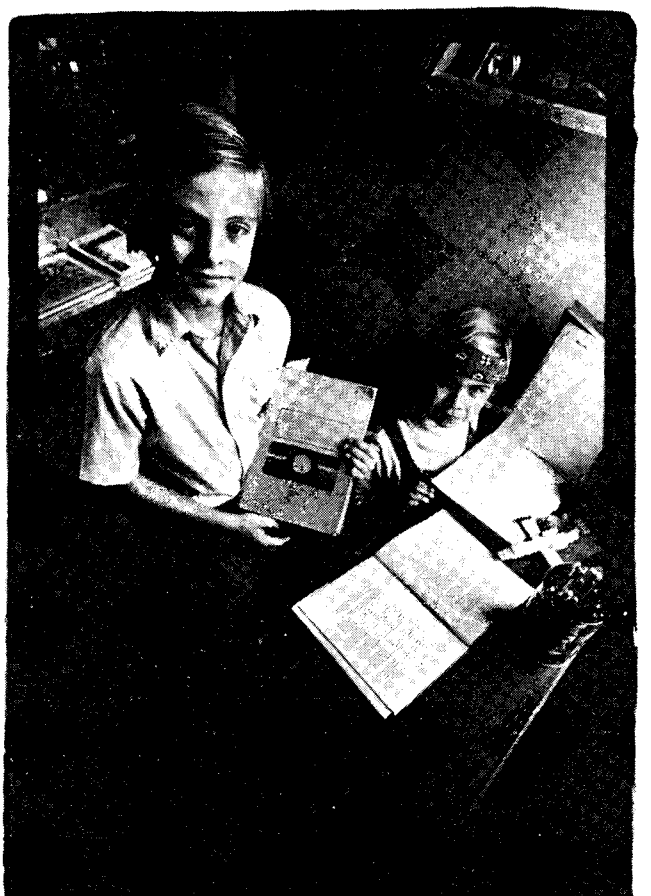
Conformity in the Classroom

The Perchemlides family claims that the professional literature of education provides no empirical basis for preferring one educational philosophy or method over another. They claim that the family educational plan and the school educational plan are of equal professional worth. A choice between any two educational programs, from a professional viewpoint, may then mean that many of the differences between the parties are differences in values, values that influence a person's understanding of society, nature, and the meaning of human life and individual action.

Peter Perchemlides, after trying for 18 months to influence Richard's public school education, and serving on numerous public school planning committees, believes he sees the predominant values in the hidden curriculum of the Amherst public schools. They are conformity, anti-intellectualism, passivity, alienation, classism, and hierarchy. So far his struggle to reverse these values has taught him a lesson.

In Susan Perchemlides' view, the public schools "break down and categorize curriculum, and they break down and categorize children, too." It is tracking in disguise, a means of defining a child in a limited sphere and then working to internalize that image in the child's mind. After a few months at Mark's Meadow, she says, "Richard seemed to lose his openness and ease with adults and older children and retreat to shyness." Susan attributes this development not only to fear, but also to the imposition of the idea that a seven-year-old "is supposed to be into TV and games and not aware of the world around him, that he is most comfortable with kids his own age and has a developing consumer consciousness." Here is how Richard put the matter in an affidavit submitted to the court in mid-September:



Richard and his ecology book — "It's better at home."

I was embarrassed at school—at first because it was new, but later because I was laughed at. I was at a beginning level in some things and they didn't understand why. It made it hard for me to do the work even if I wanted to.

I like it better here, at home. My parents teach me some things that are really different. We do music, art, math, cooking, earth sciences, gardening, ecology, astronomy, reading, writing, spelling, and yoga. Reading is different from how it was at school. I'm reading some now—books that are more interesting...like *A Cranberry Thanksgiving*. I'm not embarrassed, and I like to check out the other kids on the stuff I'm learning—they don't know it. Some of them called me dumb because I don't go to their school, but they found out I was learning a lot. Most of the kids think I'm lucky.

Forty-two and balding, his face framed by a full dark beard lined with traces of gray, Peter thinks the problem of "fit," of conformity, is central. "The school looks for behavioral patterns in kids and when the kid departs from what they expect and see the majority doing, then this represents to them some kind of problem and their function then is to identify the problem and develop a program to deal with it." Richard's individuality and his family's individual values became a handicap rather than a strength in this setting.

The family sees anti-intellectuality in the "school's failure to come to grips with differing and critical perspectives. The school impresses on kids in subtle ways that they do not have the potential to function in sophisticated ways at diverse things." The importance of social skills is stressed to the exclusion of any others, so that a child feels he must search for a role in life. This is reinforced by the child's seeing that janitors, students, teachers, administrators are arranged in a hierarchy of importance. The child becomes preoccupied with "Where in this hierarchy do I fit?" Passive acceptance of the existing order and an inability to think outside of self-interest result.

Susan, a strong blonde woman of 37 with a serene intellectuality, says she does not like the school's attitude that the family is "confusing" the child by teaching him on a less simplistic level than he receives at school. She is a university student of social thought and political economy, but she was raised in Appalachia and she says she is insulted by the school's undercutting of the family's class-consciousness, its views on social justice, and its values about the relationship of man and nature. She does not think that "confirming Richard as an outsider" will aid in his critical thinking, but will instead be destructive.

Richard is like any other 9-year-old—active, bright, alternately self-absorbed and disarmingly frank. I asked him how he would explain the family's problems to someone who had never heard about it before. "You couldn't get it just right, 'cause it's so hard," he observed. What will happen if you lose your case? "If I had to go back to school now I'd be really angry."

S.A.

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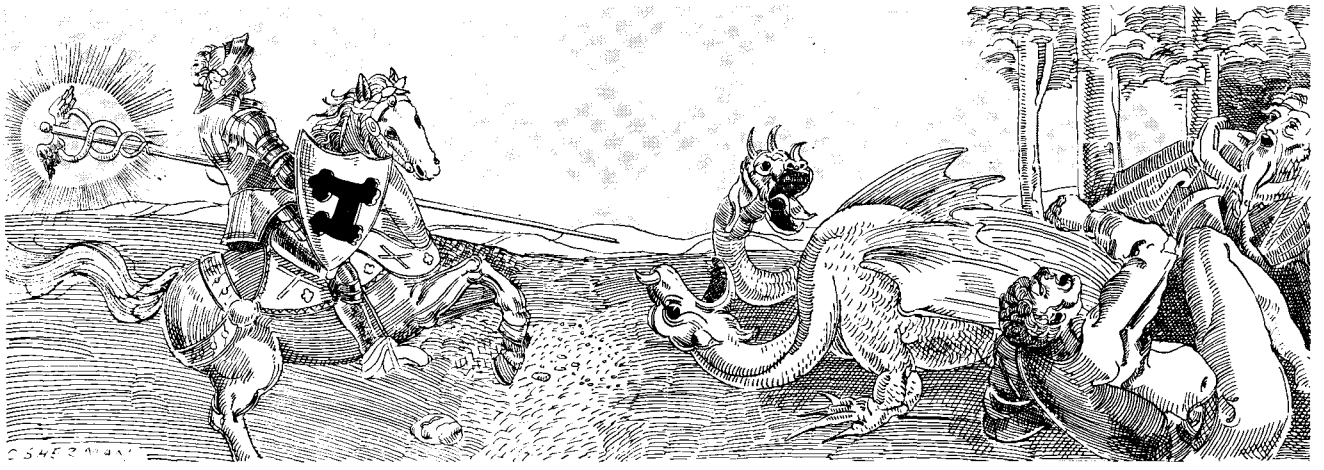
SCIENCE LETTER

Interferon: Medicine for Cancer and the Common Cold?

by Albert Rosenfeld



INTERFERON. A chemical that interferes. A mystery molecule made by the body itself to thwart the subversive intentions of invaders.

Because the American Cancer Society (ACS) has announced the launching of a $2 million program to test it clinically, interferon is already being referred to as a "cancer drug"—which it may well prove to be. But those who have been studying interferon for its multiple other potential uses fear that, should it perform disappointingly in its cancer trials—if it is only marginally useful, for instance, as has been the case with so many other promising anticancer agents—then, as one scientist puts it, "Interferon may become a dirty word, because 'It was tried and didn't work.'"

In fact, interferon gives early promise of becoming one of the most versatile medications of all time—even if it should fail against cancer. It is by far our best hope, for example, for conquering the common cold. Indeed, in preliminary trials carried out in England in human volunteers, interferon in the form of a nasal spray has already demonstrated a significant protective capacity against cold and influenza viruses.

For a while, the principal hope for long-term relief from the common cold was a multivirus vaccine; but researchers have now virtually given up the vaccine project because colds may be caused by more than a hundred different strains of viruses. (The polio vaccine, by contrast, had only three strains of polio virus to contend with.)

But viruses are precisely what interferon interferes with. And its prospects lie in its ability to combat not merely one specific virus but a whole spectrum of viruses. It could prove to be an antagonist to almost all viruses. Virtually every cell in the body—except red blood cells, which, in mammals, have no nuclei—can produce interferon when challenged by a virus. Animal experiments have offered strong suggestive evidence that interferon may well serve as prophylaxis against, or therapy for, viral diseases ranging from shingles to eye infections, from encephalitis to hepatitis. It looks so promising in the case of rabies that even cautious investigators are predicting that it should at least enhance the effectiveness of the rabies vaccine; those less cautious believe it will supplant the vaccine altogether.

The whole updated story is told in a book-length special issue of *Texas Reports on Biology and Medicine*, published by the University of Texas Medical Branch (UTMB) at Galveston. Called "The Interferon System: a Current Review to 1978," the volume contains 76 articles by interferon investigators the world over.

INTERFERON was discovered back in 1957 by the late Alick Isaacs, the brilliant British investigator, and his Swiss colleague at Oxford, Jean Lindenmann. What spurred their curiosity was the well-known but puzzling fact that a patient rarely contracts two viral diseases at the same time. One might guess, through common sense and logic, that a human body already weakened by a bout with one virus would fall prey all the more easily to the next viral invader. Yet, even in laboratory tissue cultures, it has proven difficult to infect cells with more than one virus at a time; and investigators have long since learned that two live-virus vaccines cannot be administered simultaneously at the same body-site without some degree of mutual interference.

Another puzzle for researchers and physicians alike was why, considering the way viruses work, so many viral diseases seem to be "self-limiting," carrying their depredations only so far and no further. The known facts about the body's normal immune defenses did not suffice to explain this viral containment. When a virus invades a cell, it usually takes over the cell's metabolic machinery, somehow shutting off the flow of genetic instruction from the cell's own DNA and instructing the cell to manufacture instead mainly viral proteins. Thus it may often effectively destroy itself and turn loose a host of new viruses ready to invade the surrounding cells. What no one knew, until recently, was what made the virus's takeover end of its own accord.

The careful studies of Isaacs and Lindenmann made history by providing answers to both these puzzles. They discovered that a cell, when first challenged by a virus—before that virus takes over completely—produces the protein they named interferon. Though interferon does not itself attack viruses, it triggers the production of another substance simply called antiviral pro-

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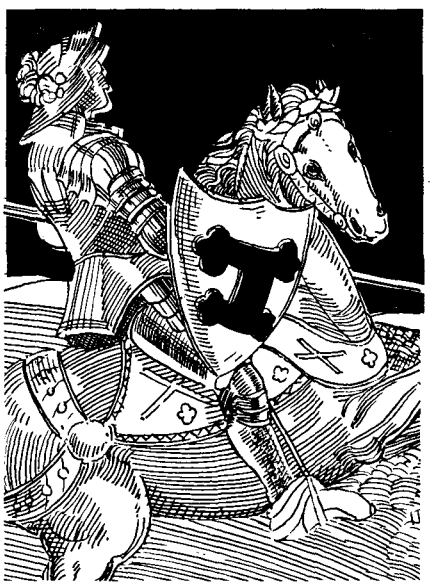
tein (AVP). It is AVP that interferes with the continuing production of viral proteins—not so much in the invaded cell, where considerable viral inroads have already been made, but in *adjacent* cells. Unlike the more familiar immune reaction, where invading microorganisms are attacked, while still circulating in the bloodstream, by antibodies and phagocytes, interferon clearly constitutes the cell's own first line of defense. Moreover, it springs into action within hours after a viral intrusion. One can see, then, that a cell actively making interferon and AVP is *not* a hospitable place for a new virus to come in and carry out its operations unmolested.

Well, then, if the body has its own built-in defense against viruses, should this molecule not make the ideal antiviral drug, exhibiting minimal—if any—adverse side effects? The challenge was taken up eagerly by a number of researchers around the world, supported especially by the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases in the United States and the Medical Research Council in England.

WITH ALL THIS INTENSIVE activity, why has so little been accomplished in the way of progress toward interferon therapy over the 21 years since the Isaacs-Lindenmann discovery? One difficulty has been that interferon, unlike many other therapeutic substances (insulin, for one), is species-specific—which is to say that, with rare exceptions, interferon from one species will not work in another species. And human interferon has turned out to be devilishly difficult—and expensive—to isolate and produce. This being the case, an obvious alternative was to develop a substance that could induce a cell to increase its own production of interferon, thereby giving itself added antiviral protection. Several such inducers have been found, but so far none has demonstrated enough activity without producing unacceptable toxic side effects. In the face of these dilemmas, it did not take long for the initial excitement over interferon to subside—first to caution, then to resignation, finally almost to despair—before techniques were developed to make enough interferon to carry out meaningful experiments.

Even today, the Western world's entire supply of interferon remains severely limited. It takes hundreds of gallons of white cells to get minuscule quantities of usable interferon. Most of it has been produced in Finland from the white blood cells of human donors; hence it is called human leukocyte interferon. This is the kind the American Cancer Society's grantees will use in their clinical trials; they have enough to test no more than about 150 patients who have advanced cancer. A $2 million investment may seem to represent a fairly huge project until one considers that human leukocyte interferon may cost as much as $50 million a *gram*—or more than $22 *billion* a pound! Fortunately, only minute doses are required; interferon units are measured in picograms—trillionths of a gram (the average dose will be in the millions of units). Even at that, each patient's supply for a few months' trial will cost many thousands of dollars.

Nonetheless, it is important to remember that the first antibiotics had the same handicaps. They too were very scarce and very expensive until



production breakthroughs made them both plentiful and affordable. The same should be true of interferon and, perhaps, of interferon inducers as well. There already exists at least one alternative to leukocyte interferon. It is produced by fibroblasts—connective-tissue cells that grow readily in laboratory cultures. In a pilot project at New York University supported by NIAID, for example, fibroblasts from human foreskins were used. Stimulated by chemical inducers and harmless viruses, they began to produce interferon in the culture. Over a four-year period, the research team found ways to increase interferon production 100-fold. A new breakthrough at MIT has boosted production another 10-fold. This method, used elsewhere as well, is now being scaled up for larger production in Europe. Since the fibroblasts grow for generations in the same culture media, the resultant interferon supply does not depend on continued massive donations of blood; nor is it as subject to contamination, since it does not have to be extracted, imperfectly purified, from the blood of ever-changing donors. Fibroblast interferon may turn out to be more useful in the long run. In the even longer run, genetic-engineering techniques may also provide a more efficient answer. If the gene for interferon can be isolated and inserted into the genome (genetic instructions) of a bacterium—as was recently done with the gene for insulin—then one could hope for cheap mass production.

Though there is no official "interferon race," some claim nevertheless that the Russians are in the lead. This is based on the fact that vials of interferon have been on sale without prescription in Moscow pharmacies for a few years now. American scientists visiting the U.S.S.R. were able to buy vials of it for only 75 cents apiece! They were able to extract from a vial containing about an ounce of material a bare thousand units of unpurified interferon. At least a thousandfold greater concentration—and probably more—would be required for a minimally effective dose. Even so, they are cautious about deprecating the Soviet effort. The Soviets have clearly pursued interferon production aggressively, holding large blood-donation drives and making much of their interferon in a manner similar to that of the Finns. And the fact that interferon is already in Moscow drugstores gives us hope that a more effective variety will one day be in our own drugstores.

But even if a pure and abundant supply of interferon were suddenly to be made available to the United States right now, the FDA would certainly not permit it to be marketed without previous thorough testing in animal (with their own interferon) as well as human subjects. Which is as it should be—especially since interferon has already shown itself to be not as entirely free of side effects as was originally hoped. For example, there turns out to be a second type of interferon that is produced not by viral challenge but by certain of the body's immune cells, the T-lymphocytes. This "immune" interferon, which seems to have a natural role in regulating the body's immune functions, *suppresses* immunity when it is used therapeutically. The same is true, to a lesser extent, of the viral interferon. Hence people with diminished liver function or lowered blood-marrow reserves would have to be careful about taking it. (The effects do seem, so far, to be reversible.) This disadvantage, however, carries with it a

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concomitant potential benefit: If interferon can suppress immunity, it might be employed to prevent the rejection of transplanted organs or to combat autoimmune diseases. In fact, it is being seriously considered for both these uses.

What does all this have to do with cancer?

Research so far has not yet turned up the pure interferon molecule with its coded sequence of amino acids, knowledge that would allow us perhaps to produce it synthetically. But we have learned a great deal about interferon. We know that, except for the "immune" variety, the cell produces it only when a virus or a chemical inducer is present. The arrival of the virus somehow triggers the turn-on of the interferon gene (we know its chromosomal location) that tells the cell to make interferon. In turn, the interferon's presence, operating on the *membranes* of adjacent cells, induces those cells to turn on the gene for antiviral protein (we know its chromosome location, too). More than that, the AVP—which protects *its* host cell even though that cell contains no interferon whatever—somehow lets still other adjacent cells know *they* are in danger. No one knows how AVP does this—presumably by inducing the release of yet a third "messenger" substance. Once a cell has acquired interferon protection against viruses, it responds even more rapidly to any new viral challenge.

In any case, since interferon and its by-products do act on the cell at both the membrane and nuclear levels, they can interfere with cell division (liver regeneration, for instance). So it was natural that someone would try it as a cancer remedy.

After the demonstration of strong antitumor activity in animals, interferon was first used on human cancer patients at Stockholm's Karolinska Institute. In patients with bone cancer of the leg, treated with interferon after amputation, the cancer did not spread as readily to other parts of the body as it customarily would. Interferon has since been used on other types of cancer by a handful of other patients, with encouraging results.

The results are admittedly sparse. Yet they do seem to justify the Cancer Society's large new effort. Some critics argue, nevertheless, that it would be better to wait until interferon is more plentifully available before launching large-scale tests; but if these first trials are convincing they might very well ignite an intensified effort to speed interferon production.

One of the important questions surrounding the use of interferon for prevention or treatment on a large scale is: Since interferon (via AVP) disrupts the production of viral proteins, how can we be sure that added quantities of interferon—especially if administered when no virus is present—will not disrupt production on the cell's own protein-assembly lines? Fortunately, painstaking research has provided a fairly convincing and reassuring answer: The so-called ribosomal RNA—the molecule that strings together proteins out of amino acids—is *not* disturbed, nor any of its information content destroyed, by the presence of interferon. What interferon does is add to the ribosomal RNA molecule *new* information that tells it how to inhibit the making of the viral protein. But this new information is not used; it is held in abeyance as a just-in-case precaution. If no viruses appear, it simply remains dormant, and normal protein manufacture proceeds as usual. In any event, the effects of interferon are only temporary.

The cancer trials are about to begin, with high hopes tempered by caution hard-won through past experience. We certainly do not yet know the whole interferon story. We know it is only one aspect of the body's immune defenses (though a vitally important aspect). Even so, the hopes seem warranted—not only for cancer but for potential use against graft rejection and auto-immune disease. And they seem most warranted against a whole catalog of infectious diseases, as already mentioned, from shingles to rabies to acute hemorrhagic conjunctivitis. *And* respiratory diseases, including the common cold. Imagine a world with no colds! More recently interferon—though virus-induced—has also been showing some promise against bacterial, rickettsial, protozoal, and parasitic infections as well.

In interferon do we have at last the long-sought panacea, the universal remedy? Alas, no. Thus far, at least, it does not look as if interferon will be effective against headache, frostbite, fractures, or infertility. ◉

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INDIAN RIGHTS
Fighting Back With White Man's Weapons

by Mark Kellogg

The Bettmann Archive

On the plains of Montana—"Their tribal heritage is now seriously threatened."

IN THE FALL OF 1621, the Wampanoag sachem, Massasoit, brought 90 of his people, loaded with venison and other game, to visit his English guests at a place they called "Plimouth." For three days the sachem displayed his largesse while the English fired off salvos of gratitude. But in the three and a half centuries that have intervened since that celebration, the salvos have been turned against the original natives of our land; to them, Thanksgiving commemorates only duplicity and exploitation.

The shameful history of our treatment of Native Americans is well known. What is not so well publicized, however, is that new and serious threats are being made to the Indians' tribal heritage. Today those threats stem, ironically enough, from newfound resources on Indian lands: the minerals and gases that lie beneath reservation soil, the water that flows through that earth, and the fertile land itself. In their battle to retain power over these vast resources, Indians face not only a formidable array of interested parties, but the peculiarly modern, and insidious, problem of striking a balance between developing these resources for themselves and maintaining their ancient traditions.

The value of the natural resources on Indian-controlled lands cannot be overestimated. Indians now occupy areas that hold huge deposits of oil and gas. Sixty percent of the known uranium supply in the country lies under Indian lands. They also claim large timber stands.

The biggest holdings are in the coalfields of New Mexico and especially Montana, where possibly as much as 14 billion tons of low-sulphur coal lie, much of it under the reservations of the Crow and the Northern Cheyenne. When these reservations were created late in the 19th century no one suspected that minable coal existed in Fort Union; now it is the target of intense speculation by dozens of power companies.

In addition, tribes from the Northeast to the Great Plains and the West live in areas ripe for development by real-estate speculators, resort and recreation entrepreneurs, motel and food chains. And in the Southwest, where water is in chronically short supply, the Indians are also being challenged by developers whose plans are dependent on water sources to which the tribes have rights.

If the developers, their political bedfellows, and the power companies have their way, all of these regions will be mined for their natural resources and converted into centers of industry and recreation. The Indians will probably be given cash settlements for their lands, resources, and water rights, but will not otherwise be a part of the plans. Apparently, the developers assume that once the Indians have been paid off they will be assimilated into the general population.

The tribes' current crisis is vividly illustrated by the case of the Northern Cheyenne, whose desire to preserve their heritage is under the greatest pressure from public-utility groups, private industry, and the federal government. The Northern Cheyenne know that the way out of their poverty is to give up their past, and to permit the exploitation of their share of the Fort Union deposits. But they also are aware that those deposits lie under a portion of their ancestral grounds.

The tribe has toughened its position on sovereignty and control of its resources because it was misguided in 1966 by several coal companies and the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) into granting the companies mining leases and permits at rates egregiously low in proportion to the profits the companies would realize. So much land was to be mined, according to these agreements, that there would have been nothing left of the reservation. The coal companies knew that the tribe could not accurately estimate the value of its assets, and the BIA failed in its trust responsibility to advise the tribe of that value and to inform it that the amount of land involved was over the legal amount. But both the Crow and the Northern Cheyenne have learned something about survival under pressure. The Cheyenne hired a crack West Coast law firm to represent their suit to renegotiate the leases, and in the resulting litigation, so many violations were uncovered that Secretary of the Interior Rogers C.B. Morton suspended the Cheyenne leases and permits in 1974, and Secretary of the Interior Thomas Kleppe suspended the Crow leases in 1977.

"As far as I'm concerned," said tribal president Allen Rowland, "the coal can stay just where it is until they find a way to get it out without wrecking everything else. They're saying we're against progress," he said, leaning across the desk in his small office. "Hell, we're not against progress. We need progress; you can see that for yourself. But we're against the kind of progress that comes in and takes everything you have and leaves you with big holes in the ground. People don't understand that this is all we have," Rowland continued, waving toward the land beyond the window. "There's no-

Paul Fusco/Magnum

Right: Protest in the Sixties—"Indians speak up when their rights are in jeopardy."

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where else for us to go. *This* is what we have to hold and pass along to our children." Marshall Lefthand, a young Crow, adds: "Whites don't understand that a tribe is a people who live together in a special way. You don't do that in a coal pit."

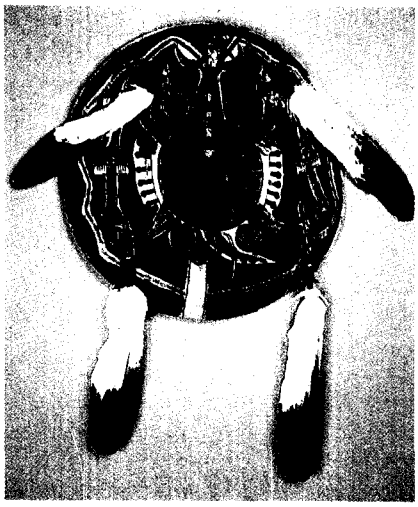
Water control is another emotional issue for the Northern Cheyenne. In 1908, the U.S. Supreme Court formulated what has come to be called the Winters Doctrine, which guarantees the Indians the rights to water to maintain the purposes of the reservation. What those purposes are was not specified, and now they are the focus of some 20 to 25 pending lawsuits over Indian water rights. Apparently Congress intended some of the reservations for small-scale agriculture, but the question is whether Congress meant to limit those reservations to agriculture or whether it merely assumed that agriculture would provide the most promising future. The Indians contend that Congress meant for the reservations to grow with the society around them, and that as society becomes more industrialized, so must the reservations.

In a state like Montana, whose economy largely depends on water, the Indians' water claims pose a major threat to the plans of developers, municipalities, and even the state, although the Indians themselves compose only 5 percent of Montana's population. Still, the Indians feel that if they do not establish their rights now, they will be irretrievably lost in a few years. The loss of these rights would mean no growth on the reservations, and the end of their chances of becoming self-sufficient, vital communities.

THE INDIANS' political activism can be traced back at least a decade, and includes such dramatic incidents as the 19-month occupation of Alcatraz, in 1969, and the famous battle of Wounded Knee, in Pine Ridge, South Dakota, in 1973. As with so many other movements, the Indians' theatrical radicalism of the Sixties has matured into a more disciplined, and more immediately successful, movement in the Seventies. Indians have peaceably won lawsuits that affirm their jurisdiction over their lands, natural resources, and guarantee their long-neglected civil rights. They have also forced the federal government to return land that had been taken from them over the years. Among the larger returns:

- In 1970, Congress returned 48,000 acres of national forest land to the Taos Pueblo Indians in New Mexico.
- In 1972, 21,000 acres were restored by executive order to the Yakima tribe in Washington State.
- In 1972, 61,360 acres were returned, by special congressional decree, to the Confederated Tribes (an alliance of the Warm Springs, Wasco, and Paiute tribes) of Warm Springs, Oregon.

Recently, several effective Indian interest groups have emerged. Prominent among them is the Council of Energy Resource Tribes (CERT), a national association that oversees the management and development of energy on Indian lands. CERT was founded in 1975 by 22 tribes who control most of the Indians' energy resources. Until June 1977, CERT was a largely unknown and struggling organization, but then chairman Peter MacDonald met some of the leaders of OPEC and the situation changed rapidly. Soon after that meeting, the U.S. government pledged approximately $200,000 seed money, and in December, CERT opened offices in Washington, D.C.



Museum of the American Indian

Painted buffalo hide shield—"Indians are defending themselves in the courtroom."

The council has received some $2 million in federal grants to inventory its energy and to train Indians in energy management. It has also expanded its base to include Alaskan natives, who have come into more than 40 million acres containing known reserves of oil, coal, and uranium. Most recently, CERT has opened an office in Denver, where it will offer technical assistance to individual tribes.

Another newly formed organization is the United Effort Trust, which was founded eight months ago by the National Congress of American Indians and the National Tribal Chairmen's Association, both well-known Indian organizations. Its aim is to create a political alliance that can stand up to the politicians, industrial interests, and citizens' groups who oppose the Indians. The UET has already received a favorable response from the National Council of Churches and the black caucus. It is now establishing contacts with labor unions.

In addition, Indians have not abandoned peaceful protest. Last winter 200 American Indians set out on the "Longest Walk," a 3,000-mile trek from Alcatraz to Washington, D.C., to protest proposed legislation that may threaten the survival of the Indian tribes. When they arrived in Washington, Clyde Bellecourt, founder of the American Indian Movement, sounded the rallying cry:

> We are here to let America know that everything hasn't been given away....We are here to stop one of the most massive criminal assaults ever to take place against our people—the move in Congress to take the 60 percent of this country's resources that lies under Indian lands.

At the moment there are 11 bills before Congress that have the specific intentions of stripping the Indians' rights to the control of their lands and resources. The most comprehensive of this backlash legislation is *H.R. 9054*, introduced by Rep. John E. Cunningham (R-Wash.). Styled, whether in cynicism or ignorance or both, the "Native American Equal Opportunity Act," the bill provides for the abrogation of all existing treaties between the tribes and the federal government, for the abolition of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and for the termination of our government's trust responsibility to the tribes. It would abolish all specially guaranteed hunting and fishing rights and make the Indians subject to all federal, state, and local fish and game regulations. But the heart of the bill is its transfer of all tribally held land assets to individual adult Indians and its liquidation of common trust titles. This "equal opportunity" would permit whites to acquire from ill-advised or financially desperate individual Indians what cannot so easily be taken from the tribes. The piecemeal dispersal of tribal holdings would signal the end of the reservations and the acquisition of their resources by power companies and real-estate developers.

Forrest Gerard, who has worked with Congress for six years and was recently appointed head of the BIA, has been quoted as saying the present Congress is "very hostile to Indians." He also notes the erosion of pro-Indian support, especially among liberals. As a result, next year could be a crucial year for backlash legislation. The most serious challenge may come from Sen.

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Henry Jackson (D-Wash.), chairman of the Interior Committee, who is expected to introduce a bill limiting Indian water rights.

Unfortunately for the Indians, legislators are responding to the anger and resentment of their constituents and of the country as a whole. Wherever there are pockets of Indian population, anti-Indian groups have formed to demand an end to what they conceive to be the disastrous practice of protecting Indians from their citizenship responsibilities.

One of the largest anti-Indian groups is the two-year-old Interstate Congress for Equal Rights and Responsibilities (ICERR), with main offices located in South Dakota. Backed by businessmen, ranchers, and fishermen, the group boasts more than 10,000 non-Indian members in 17 states, and they are demanding that whites be considered in the judicial reinterpretation of the Indians' 100-year-old treaty rights.

Their platform is built on the plank that "constitutionally guaranteed rights should be protected without regard to race and that all citizens should bear equally the responsibility and burdens of citizenship as prescribed under the laws of the states and their political subdivisions." Few can argue with this position, which is just as ICERR has designed it. But a little reflection should tell us that the position of the tribes in America is hardly that simple.

Anti-Indian sentiment springs from the perception that Indians are being given a free ride, and that they are pampered by the federal government. "In order to be a good citizen, you have to have some responsibilities," says Blair Richendifer, executive director of ICERR. The responsibility that ICERR would like the Indians to assume is the direct control of their land. At present, no Indian can sell or lease reservation land without the approval of the BIA, and conversely, the bureau cannot make a transaction without tribal approval. This system is designed to compensate for the Indians' general lack of sophistication in financial matters and also to maintain tribal unity in the face of pressure on individual members to sell their lands or mineral rights.

The second complaint of anti-Indian groups is that the federal government is wasting money on the Indians. The BIA is said to be massively inefficient and is accused of giving out so much aid to the Indians that they have lost their desire to work. Verna Lawrence, an Indian member of ICERR, argues: "Handouts are the problem. I never used treaty rights; I used a hell of a lot of hard work." In fact, BIA handouts are surprisingly small, considering the widespread Indian poverty.

Thom O'Connor

Thom O'Connor

UPI

John Blair

Top to bottom:
Totem pole from Alaska's Tlingit Tribe.
"Indians claim large timber stands."
At the Battle of Wounded Knee, 1973.
"You can't live in a coal pit."

A visit to a reservation does nothing to encourage belief in the privileged status of the tribes. There one can see the somber truths of the Indians' condition: lowest life expectancy of any group in America; lowest standards of housing and sanitation, with an average house-size of two rooms and 5.4 occupants; lowest level of educational attainment and highest level of school dropouts; lowest per capita income; highest infant mortality rate; suicide rate twice as high as the national average.

The anti-Indian groups claim that an end of the reservations and an end to the exercise of our trust and treaty obligations would solve these problems because the Indians would be forced to assume responsibilities for their own livelihood. But in order to remain Indian in more than name alone, the tribes need to manage and use their lands as they see fit. And they must be protected in their off-reservation rights by the federal government. Assimilation is a genuine alternative for Indians only if it is an alternative and not an imperative.

Many Indians do not wish to become just like the rest of us. Assimilation for them would be a cultural disaster. "They've been trying to make us white men," says Allen Rowland, leader of the traditional Northern Cheyenne. "It just won't work." Indians see their energy resources as a means toward strengthening the sovereignty of their tribes and thereby preserving their culture. Like the Arab nations, whose new-found capital seriously threatens to alter their tribal society, the Indians must devise a way to utilize their natural resources without losing their culture.

A writer in the Northern Cheyenne paper promises:

> We shall learn all these devices the white man has. We shall handle his tools for ourselves. We shall master his machinery, his inventions, his skills, his medicine, his planning. But we'll retain our beauty and still be Indian!

This is a bold dream for an embattled people facing great odds. While accepting the realities of modern America, it also expresses that blood-deep intention to remain Indian. Their intention ought to be our promise, just as our betrayal of the Indians for a final time would be a betrayal of our ideals and of our national honor. ◉

Mark Kellogg, a freelance writer, grew up near the Crow and Northern Cheyenne reservations in Montana.

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INDIAN GIVINGS

While the Indians have won headlines for their struggle to retain their lands and their ancient culture, the culture itself has been obscured. In their fiction and painting, Indians draw on a heritage that cannot be taken from them. Many of the foods we eat recall the rich harvests of the American Natives. We celebrate these bestowals on the following pages.

INDIAN FICTION: A Tribal Vision

by Charles R. Larson

ASK THE AVERAGE reader to identify our most important American Indian novelists and the question generally draws a blank. You mean there are some? Students of American literature can usually name several significant black American writers, but the question about Native Americans remains unanswered. If any name is forthcoming, it is probably N. Scott Momaday, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in 1968 for his first and only novel, *House Made of Dawn*, and the author of two volumes of poetry, an autobiography called *The Names*, and a haunting "oral history" of the resettlement of his Kiowa ancestors, *The Way to Rainy Mountain*.

Most of the early Indian novels are minor, and so have remained unknown. Though these works are often artistically flawed, they are vital examples of Indian consciousness. The oldest of these, *Queen of the Woods*, was published by Chief Simon Pokagon (Potawatomi) in 1899. Today it seems hardly more than a cultural oddity since the romantic story (an account of an educated Indian's love for a beautiful tribal Indian maiden) is the vehicle for the novel's didactic temperance theme. Pokagon, however, for all his preaching, believed in brotherhood. And his work is a fine example of a faith in cultural assimilation that was shared by several other Indian writers of the Twenties and Thirties.

The finest novel from the early group of American Indian writers is undoubtedly D'Arcy McNickle's *The Surrounded* (1936), which, like Pokagon's, deals with the conflict between Indian and Western education. McNickle's stance is anti-assimilation, and the novel's bleak theme of cultural strangulation anticipates the pessimism of Momaday's *House Made of Dawn*, an account of a World War II veteran's struggle to readjust when he returns to the reservation. By focusing on Native Americans estranged from their own peoples as well as their cultural roots, both Momaday's and McNickle's novels uphold the commonly held belief that the American Indian is vanishing, an ironic theme when viewed through the eyes of the American Indian writer.

In the late 1960s and early 1970s, several Indian novelists promulgated a revisionist thesis in their works, writing historical novels based upon important events from their people's past. Dallas Chief Eagle's uneven work, *Winter Count* (1968), and Dee Brown's *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* (1970) cover almost exactly the same period, though Dallas Chief Eagle examines the trail of broken treaties through the eyes of an Indian protagonist. *Tsali* (1972), by Denton R. Bedford, loops back to the 1830s and recreates the involuntary removal of the Cherokee from their homelands in the East to the new reservation in Oklahoma.

THE MOST RECENT novels by Native American writers are distinguished from those of their predecessors by their greater artistry and an inherent optimism in the face of the violent and fragmented world they evoke. The work most popular with non-Indian readers is Hyemeyohsts Storm's *Seven Arrows* (1972), a cyclical account of the Plains Indians' encounters with the Western migrators between 1820 and 1920. Storm's narrative is a rich mixture of traditional folk materials imaginatively woven into the novel's epic and pictorial fabric. Though the story is often a horrifying one, describing one attack after another against the Indians, Storm is the first Native American writer to suggest the possibility of cultural survival. His characters are ultimately confined to reservation life, yet the author suggests that the collective spirit of Native peoples is a far more difficult thing to contain.

The most promising of the younger Indian novelists are James Welch (Blackfoot) and Leslie Silko (Laguna). Both writers have demonstrated their versatility as poets and as writers of fiction. Welch's *Winter in the Blood* (1974)—an account of a young Indian's identity crisis brought on by his father's and his brother's deaths—has been justifiably compared with the early writings of Hemingway and Steinbeck. It is one of the major lyrical novels of this decade. Silko's *Ceremony* (1977) is also distinguished by its poetic beauty (entire poems have been incorporated into its text), a characteristic that surprised many of its early readers because of its brutal story.

Though in many ways American Indian fiction is still undergoing the pains of parturition, these novels examined together demonstrate that Indian consciousness extends far beyond the lives of Native peoples themselves. There is a redeeming quality in the Indian world view—an ability to reconcile opposites and survive radical change—that is large enough to embrace us all. The most talented of these writers have already boldly asserted this in their own distinct voices. ◉

Charles R. Larson, Professor of Literature at American University, has recently published American Indian Fiction *and a novel,* The Insect Colony.

"Ahula, the Germinator," by Neil David, Sr. From Hopi Painting *(Dutton).*

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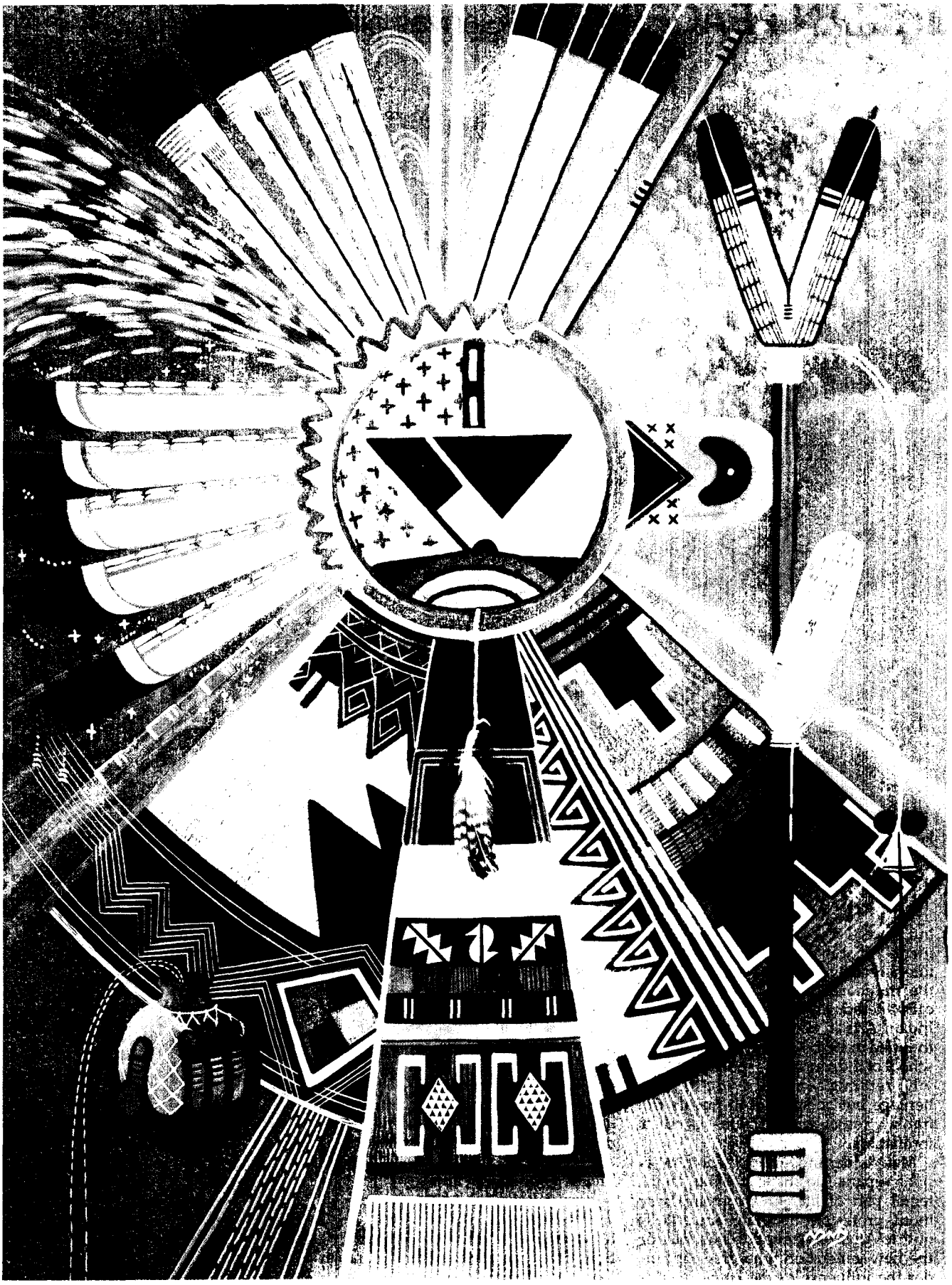

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INDIAN PEACEPAINT: Canvas of a Culture

by Jamake Highwater

INDIAN PAINTING has always been highly decorative and representational, but since Oscar Howe introduced elements of European experimentation into Indian graphic art in the Fifties, the traditional forms have been radically altered. The Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe, New Mexico, founded in 1962, saw the birth of a new school of individualistic Indian painters who retain a sense of pride in their heritage but choose not to imitate the frankly romantic depictions of their forefathers.

Many older Indians, for whom art is not a separate aesthetic ideal but an integral part of life, find contemporary motifs grotesque, insulting, and a "sell-out" to Anglo styles and trends. But for the new generation who grew up under the influence of the Anglo world, the imagery, sensibility, and techniques of their painting reflect their contemporary experiences.

No single painter more clearly expresses the brilliantly ironic convergence of Indian subject matter and contemporary techniques than Fritz Scholder. Combining the styles of the European Expressionist Francis Bacon and the Anglo pop artist Wayne Thiebaud with his own, Scholder has won a critical reputation as a major artist and has strongly influenced a whole generation of younger painters, some of whose work is shown here. Theirs is a startling interpretation of what it means to be Indian today. ◉

Jamake Highwater (Blackfeet/Cherokee) is the author of several books, including Song From the Earth: American Indian Painting.

Fritz Scholder (Mission/Luiseno).
Above: *"Indian on Horse," 1972.*
Below: *"Reclining Indian," 1972.*

All paintings courtesy of Jamake Highwater except where noted.

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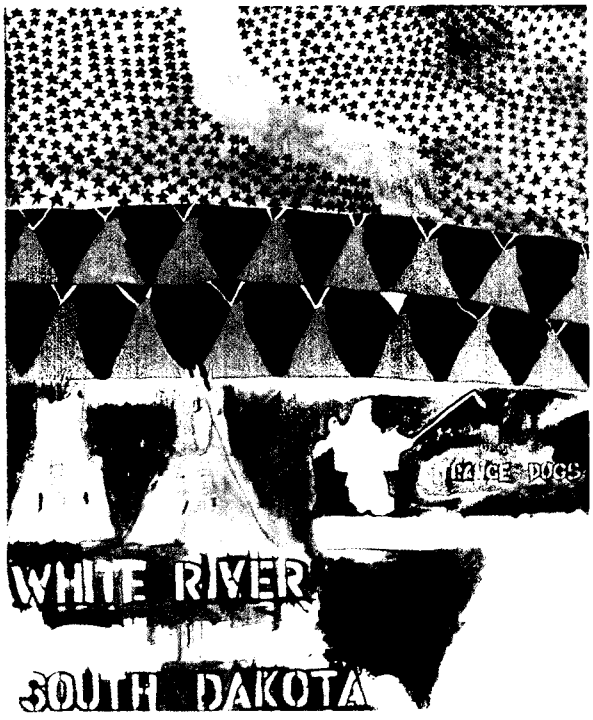
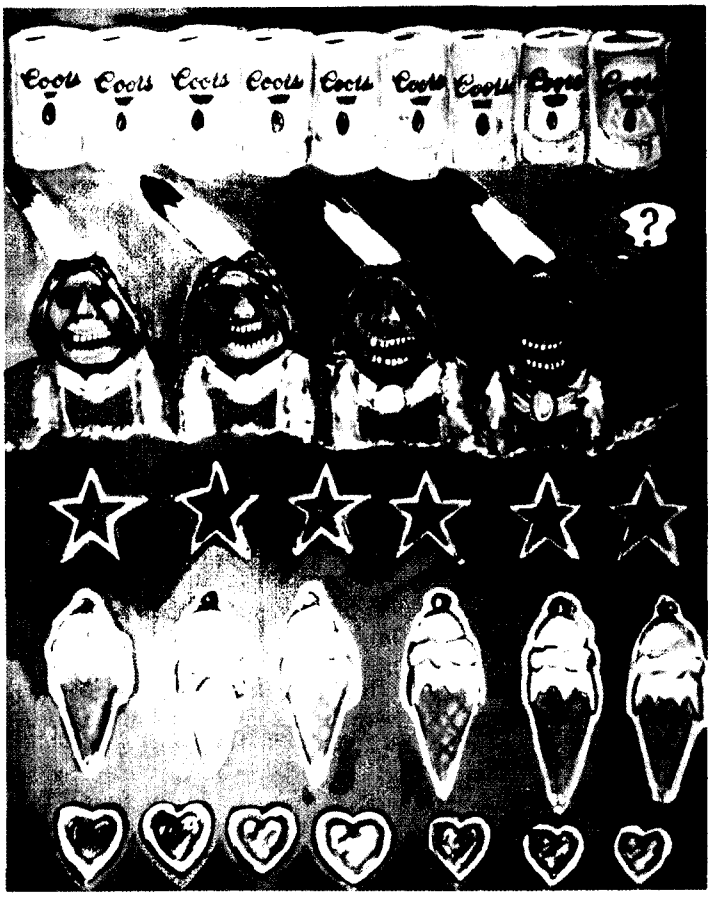


Courtesy of Jamake Highwater and Aberbach Fine Art, New York

Clockwise, from above: *Bill Sosa (Mission)—"White River, South Dakota," 1969. T. C. Cannon (Caddo/Kiowa)—"His Hair Flows Like a River," 1973. Delmor Boni (Apache)—"In His Image," 1973. Benny Buffalo (Cheyenne)—"Sun Dance," 1976.*



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Miriam Schottland

INDIAN FOOD: A Rich Harvest

by Evan Jones

IT IS SOMETIMES said, though probably not often enough, that no English colony in 17th-century America could have survived without the help of the Indians. Occasionally school children are told a little about Squanto, the Massachusetts native who helped the first New Englanders avert starvation by showing them how to plant corn with fish as fertilizer. But we're seldom reminded that during the first economic struggles at Jamestown some of the early Virginia settlers were sent off one year to live with nearby Indians in order to learn from experts what wild foods could be eaten.

Most of the classic American dishes—corn on the cob, roast turkey, candied sweet potatoes, cranberry sauce—are derived from Indian origins. It might have been enough had the colonists learned only how to make cornmeal bread, how to use flour made from Indian maize instead of wheat. However, early Yankees also learned that beans should be planted among the rows of corn and that they could be baked with a seasoning of maple syrup, thus establishing Boston Baked Beans as a regional specialty. New England Indians, in addition, passed on the knack of cooking shellfish by heating stones and masses of seaweed, a custom that evolved into the shoreside ritual known today as the clambake. And in the South the natives introduced the barbecue, thereby setting an example for the thousands of contemporary backyard cooks.

American Indians were the first to domesticate virtually half the crops that now make up the world's total food supply. None of this food was known in Europe before 1492, and two of the crops—corn and potatoes—are now ranked with wheat and rice as the most important sources of food in the world. The American sweet potato and manioc have become close runners-up. Still, there are more than 80 other edible plants, including squashes, pumpkins, tomatoes, peppers, peanuts, a host of beans (one is the source of chocolate), as well as avocados, pineapples, and chicle for chewing gum.

The culinary proclivities of the original inhabitants were almost as various. In his *Natural History of Virginia*, the colonist William Byrd described the In-

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Also, the Swiss worship precision; it's what makes them tick. Car and Driver described the Rabbit this way: "Quality is exceptionally high throughout, with solid slamming doors and a structure that feels as substantial as a Mosler safe."

The Swiss also dote on technology. Fuel injection, for example.

You might be as interested as the Swiss to know that you can't get a Renault with fuel injection. Or a Fiat. Or a Lancia. Not to mention Toyota, Honda, or Mazda. But you can get a fuel-injected Rabbit.

Last, but hardly least, is the fact that the Swiss are – well – frugal. And so when they see a car that's built like a vault, climbs like a goat, is far ahead of its time and still sells for a reasonable price, the Swiss do what sensible people everywhere do.

They buy them in droves.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

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dians baking bread "either in Cakes before the Fire, or in Loaves on a warm Hearth, covering the Loaf first with Leaves, then with warm Ashes, and afterwards with Coals over all." The result was the bread that Southerners still call corn pone. Today in Second Mesa, Arizona, Hopi Indians, using similar methods, continue to make ancestral corn breads, thin as paper, that have been judged "the most perfect of all known corn-foods." Other native cooks of the Southwest long ago demonstrated that dried corn, when soaked in water mixed with ashes, would swell, whiten, and take on new flavor, and the resulting hominy became a standard Indian dish throughout the country and is now served by white Americans with pride. Indeed, grits (hominy coarsely ground and boiled) is not unknown in the White House.

THERE ARE SAID to be more than 40 aboriginal ways of using corn in cooking, from thickening soups and stews with cornmeal to making puddings by scraping and simmering fresh kernels. As famous as any corn concoction is succotash, which their Indian mentors showed the Pilgrims how to produce by mixing corn, beans, and bear meat, and which became a traditional part of New England Thanksgiving dinners. A more surprising item of history is the fact that the original Thanksgiving didn't come to an end until after a brother of Chief Massasoit brought in a large basket spilling over with popcorn.

There is no evidence that turkey (the bird Ben Franklin wanted America to honor instead of the eagle) was served at that feast in 1621, but "Wild Turkeys of incredible Bigness" were noted by observers of the period, and colonial wives up and down the Atlantic showed their appreciation of the Indian game bird by roasting it according to European recipes. Learning to modify the tartness of cranberries with the flavor of maple, in lieu of hard-to-get white sugar, they made cranberry sauce an integral part of Thanksgiving. The cranberries that grew wild in the Indian country were so prized by Franklin, in fact, that they were high on the list of foods he asked his wife to send abroad when he was alone in London before the Revolutionary War.

The maple syrup that sweetened berries had been gathered by the Iroquois and other tribes for generations before the arrival of the white man. Maple sap was used in cooking as a condiment, and in the making of baked sweet breads in which ground corn was mixed with chestnuts, beans, and wild berries. It was the sweetener for a primitive corn porridge out of which New Englanders evolved the recipe for Indian Pudding, a dessert that still rates respectful attention from Yankee hostesses. And the syrup was thinned in summer with cold spring water to make a refreshing tonic, which may well have been the first soft drink available in America. Colonists who distrusted water (with considerable reason, given the lack of sanitation they had known in Europe) went a step farther than their Indian benefactors. Using their thirst to mother invention, they devised palatable brews not only from maple sugar, but from pumpkins and persimmons.

Southern Indians harvested numerous fruits, such as persimmons and peaches, and tribes throughout the continent cultivated pumpkins and squashes, introducing settlers to numerous basic cooking methods. One recipe, given a European twist or two, was simplicity itself. Describing what he called "an ancient New-England standing dish," the traveler John Josselyn reported a century before the Revolution that "the housewives manner," in following the Indian way of preparing pumpkin, "is to slice them when ripe, and cut them into dice, and so fill a pot with them of two or three gallons, and stew them upon a gentle fire a whole day, and as they sink, they fill again with fresh pompions; not putting any liquor to them, and when it is stew'd enough, it will look like bak'd apples; this they dish, putting butter to it, and a little vinegard with some spice, and ginger which makes it taste tart like an apple, and so serve it up to be eaten with fish or flesh."

Like beans, pumpkins (or pompions as some called them) were grown by Indians among their rows of corn, and so was purslane, a potherb presented to Samuel Champlain when he made one of the first landfalls on Cape Cod. There the French explorer found the natives cultivating the sunflower roots which have become known as Jerusalem artichokes. Voyagers who came after Champlain found the Chippewas eating "with fish or flesh" another equally esoteric vegetable; it was wild rice, a staple grain of the Great Lakes tribes which today is sometimes linked with caviar, lobster, Marennes oysters, and crab cakes from Chesapeake Bay.

A staple food of the South was, and still is, the sweet potato, which belongs to the morning-glory family and was most commonly baked in hot ashes by the Indians. Soon after the first white man tasted this New World vegetable, Robert Beverley of Virginia described the sweet potatoes that grew wild as "about as long as a Boy's leg, and sometimes as long and big as both the Leg and Thigh of a young Child, and very much resembling it in shape." They grew so large that in the words of an extravagant observer from the North, "You may sit on one end and roast and eat the other." They make exceedingly fine pies, of course, but it is their affinity for smoked ham that is their best claim to culinary fame.

It is the white potato, however, that rules the tuber world. Its natural habitat was Latin America and it came to colonial Virginia as a luxury, imported from Bermuda for elegant dinners in plantation mansions. Even earlier, Spaniards learned about potatoes from the Indians of Peru, whose descendants still cook them in simple ways, sometimes adding sauces flavored with chili. But only after potatoes were planted in Ireland was their capacity for feeding the hungry really recognized. Now there are about 160 varieties, of which the best known may be those from Idaho. The product of high altitudes, they are considered to be the best baking potatoes anywhere (and so removed from ancient Indian culinary simplicity that chef Paul Bocuse of *nouvelle cuisine* renown has said that he never leaves America for France without taking with him one hundred pounds of Idahos).

IT IS HARD to imagine what French cooking, or that of any European country, would be without potatoes, and it may be even more difficult to conceive of southern Italian fare as we know it had the Indians managed to keep tomatoes to themselves. In Aztec times red tomatoes were known in Mexico and other parts of Latin America but—in spite of the fact that Thomas Jefferson grew them at Monticello—it was not until the 19th century that recipes for cooking them began to appear generally. Today, whatever else is true, tomatoes are among the most obvious of Indian gifts to gastronomy.

It is even more obvious that food is only one of many endowments to the white man. In *The Indian Heritage of America*, Alvin M. Josephy summed up the matter: "Few persons today recognize, or are appreciative of, the vast contributions made to contemporary life by American Indians." ◉

Evan Jones, the author of American Food: The Gastronomic Story *and* The World of Cheese, *is also an acknowledged authority on American history.*

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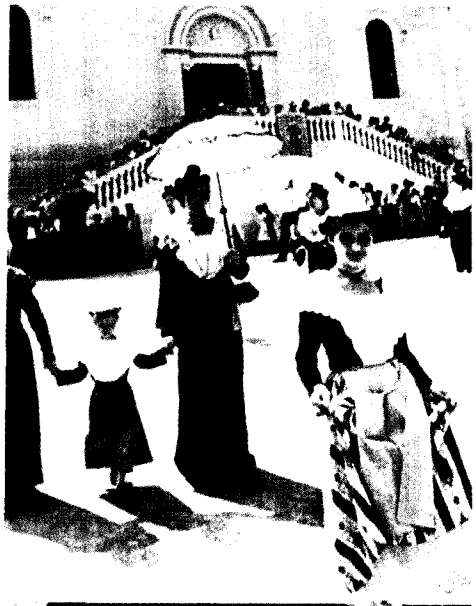

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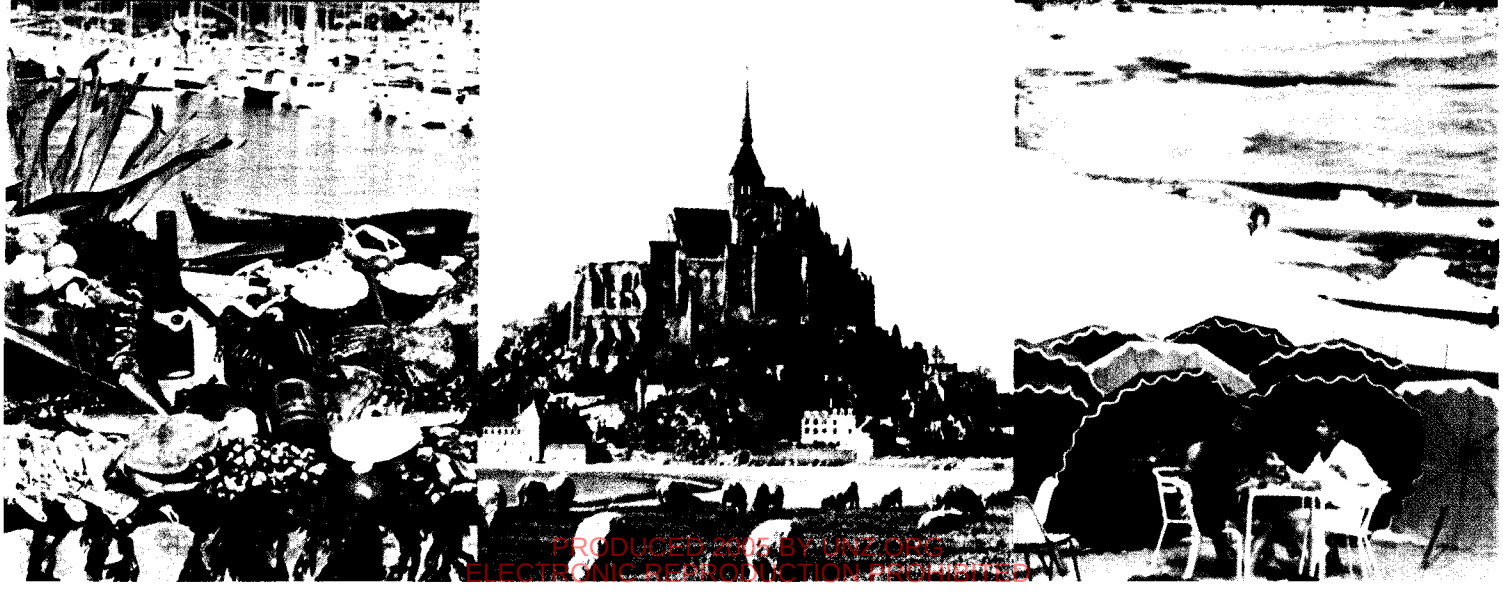

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Books: A Christmas Cornucopia

From *Antarctica*

Whether the subject is Cézanne, Antarctica, prizefighters, or odd socks, there's something in picture books that appeals to the child in us. The most lavish art book is still a toy, to be leafed through for purely sensual enjoyment in idle hours, as well as studiously devoured in more ambitious ones. In the following pages we offer critics' selections from this year's mountain of coffee-table books.

Prices mentioned in this section are subject to increase after December 31, 1978.

Adventuresome Reads

by Peter Andrews

DIDN'T SOMEONE once say that reading should be an adventure? It sounds like something someone, probably a Transcendentalist in an introduction to a collection of Emerson's essays, would say. If not, someone has now. This season, as always, there is a plentitude of inevitable bird books, flower books, books on antiques, cookbooks, architecture books. If I recall correctly, I have recently read four full-length volumes on English country houses alone. Still, there is an unusually large number of fine, spirited books available this season on everything from an illustrated history of medieval warfare to a picture portfolio of classic European sports cars of the 1950s.

Listed below are highly personal selections from an unusually good crop of illustrated gift books available this season. All of them, whether they whisk us off to distant and dangerous places, or take us no farther than the back porch on a summer's afternoon, are adventuresome in the best sense of the word.

Mountain climbing has always been to me something like bullfighting—an endlessly fascinating subject to read about, as long as I don't have to get anywhere near it in real life. Speaking as the most sedentary alpinist imagin-

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able, I must say I found *The Big Walls*, by Reinhold Messner (Oxford, $19.95), to be one of the best books of its kind I have come across in a long time. From the north face of the Matterhorn to the southern approach to Dhaulagiri, Messner offers a masterful series of portraits of seven of the most dramatic mountain ascents in the world. He gives the history of early expeditions in a compelling manner, then describes his own adventures on each peak. The photographs are uniformly excellent. I still do not have the foggiest idea why someone would want to climb a mountain—the fact that it is there is no excuse whatsoever—but I am delighted there are people like Messner who do.

I cannot imagine a better guide to the islands of Greece than Lawrence Durrell, who has lived among them and has written so well about his experiences. In *The Greek Islands* (Viking, $25), Durrell has fashioned just about the perfect guidebook. It is a mix of the mythology and history of the Greek isles with present-day realities. In the chapter on Lesbos, for instance, there is a brief treatise on the literary and artistic life in Greece in 700 B.C., a more than serviceable biographical sketch of Sappho, a fascinating discussion of the somewhat startling sexual practices of the ancient Greeks, a dollop of military history (pointing out that young Julius Caesar first gained prominence as a soldier on Lesbos). Durrell concludes with excellent directions to some of the best beaches on the island today.

As a writer, Eliot Porter always seems somewhat like a dependable old 1930 Chevrolet: He starts up in the morning and gets you where you're going, but the ride is never very distinguished. As a photographer, Dr. Porter is one of our finest. His latest book, *Antarctica* (Dutton, $29.95), is in the traditional mold of an illustrated Eliot Porter volume. The photographs are superb, and the text is all right. Dr. Porter is the most severely classical of contemporary photographers, and the visions of the Antarctica he captures are as crisp and clear as the morning sun over McMurdo Sound.

From *Summer Places*

Caravans to Tartary, by Roland and Sabrina Michaud (Viking, $37.50), is another book in which an indifferent text (or perhaps a poorly translated one) is more than saved by a brilliant portfolio of photographs. The Michauds spent some four years traveling in Central Asia, and have returned with an extraordinary photographic record. A camel caravan working its way across the frozen Wakhan River; children playing with slingshots in the green and sunny springtime of Andkhoy; a covered bazaar in Turkestan; a ferocious game on horseback recalling the days of Tamburlaine, where some of the finest light-horse cavalry in the world battle over the stuffed skin of a headless calf—are some of the scenes that will burn themselves into the consciousness of the reader. *Caravans to Tartary* is one of the most stunning books of the year.

From *Caravans to Tartary*

After running around the four corners of the earth, it is a pure delight just to put your feet up and relax with *Summer Places*, written by Brendan Gill, with photographs by Dudley Whitney (Methuen, $29.95). The book is a delightful evocation of that wondrous, 19th-century concept, the American summer home. Some, like George Vanderbilt's Biltmore House, where the master liked to have after-dinner coffee served in the marble conservatory, which had its own fountain, are giant affairs that would do for a Renaissance prince. Others are more humble clapboard creations, where everybody shared a single bath set on great, claw-hammer feet. Each home is a marvelous representation of the more popular resort areas of the 19th century. Gill, who occasionally suffers from a case of advanced cuteness, writes here with warmth and restraint, while Whitney's photographs have a properly nostalgic air.

There are two relatively brief, illustrated biographies on the shelves this year that are models of the form. *Emma Hamilton* (Coward, McCann &

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Geoghegan, $14.95), by Norah Lofts, is a gem of informal biography. Lady Hamilton, the tragic inamorata of Lord Nelson, is one of the enduring romantic figures of English history, and never has her story been more nicely told. Norah Lofts has the popular novelist's eye for the illuminating anecdote and the accomplished storyteller's knowledge of how to make a scene come alive on the printed page. When Emma died, poverty-stricken, in France, the captain of every English ship in Calais put on his dress uniform and followed her to her grave. This mark of affection was a final touch of elegance that Emma would have loved.

Chaucer and his World by Derek Brewer (Dodd, Mead, $20) is somewhat more scholarly in relating the life and times of England's first great poet, but Brewer's is just as arresting. He recreates the turbulent era of the late 14th century when Chaucer was forging the English tradition of literary excellence. As improvident as he was brilliant, Chaucer was our first truly professional writer. Suffering from "writer's block" in the creation of *The Legend of Good Women*, a large-scale poetic work which he never did finish, Chaucer turned his hand to other work to fill the time and wrote *The Canterbury Tales*.

A pair of books that appeal to the palate as well as the eye are *Wines of California* by Robert Lawrence Balzer (Abrams, $25) and *The Joy of Eating* by Katie Stewart (Stemmer House, $14.95). Volumes on wine come and go like cookbooks, often with little to distinguish them from their competition. But *Wines of California* stands out as a wise and skillful dissertation on the pleasures of the western grape by a man who knows the territory as well as any oenophile around. This will remain *the* book on California wines for quite some time. *The Joy of Eating* is a delightful informal history of gustatory pleasures from ancient times to the present. It is stuffed with enchanting snippets of information; I was surprised to learn that the first mention of the dinner plate in England did not occur until 1641, and that the first gentleman to dismiss the servants so he could eat alone was a 17th-century French nobleman, the Marquis de Rouillac. Particularly interesting is a collection of historical recipes going back to the ancient Greeks and Romans, plus a goodly sampling of medieval cookery that Katie Stewart has recast in modern terms, making it workable in today's kitchen. Try the *Patina of Soles* adapted from an old Roman cookbook. Delicious. ◉

Peter Andrews is a freelance writer.

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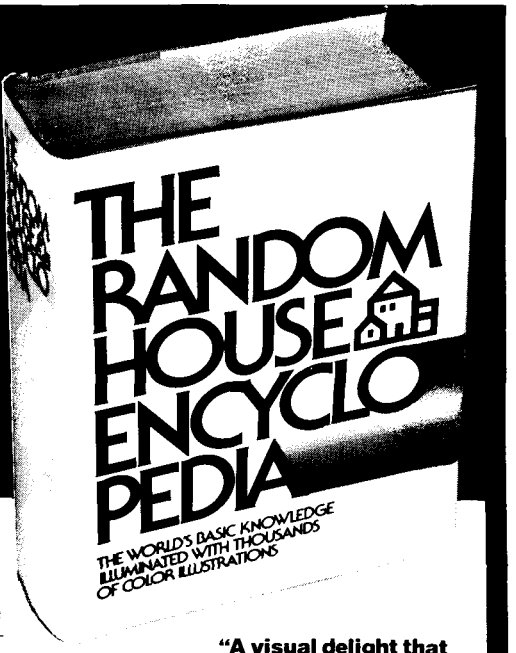

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From Egyptian Digs to Expressionist Dribbles

by James R. Mellow

From *The Gold of Tutankhamen*

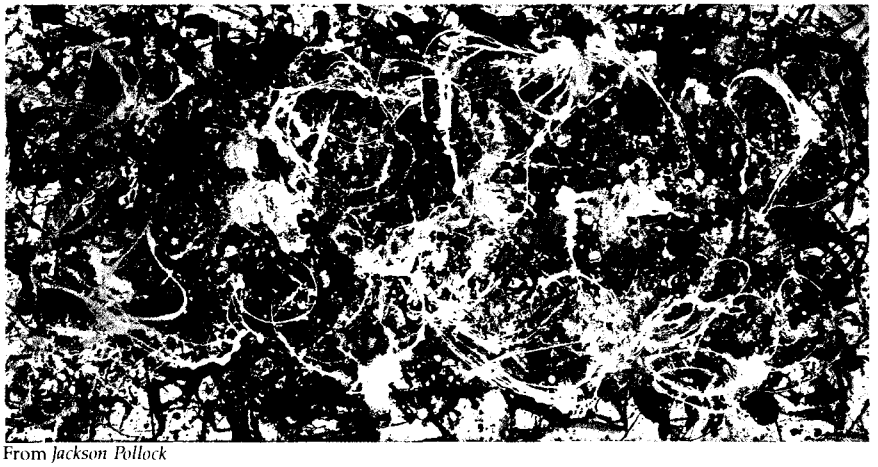
IF ANY EVIDENCE were needed that the "heroic" years of the New York School have irrevocably entered art history, one of the season's most expensive and extensive art books, the four-volume *Jackson Pollock*, edited by Francis Valentine O'Connor and Eugene Victor Thaw (Yale, $250), should settle the question. A *catalogue raisonné* (the official notice that an artist's vital signs are cold and classifiable), this scholarly project devotes two volumes to the paintings of the Abstract Expressionist artist who shocked the art world with his huge splashed-and-poured oil paintings, then created an international reputation for himself—and for American art—in the decade before his death, at 44, in 1956. A third volume covers Pollock's drawings; the fourth is devoted to ceramics, sculpture, miscellaneous works, and a documentary chronology of the artist's life all the more poignant for being bluntly factual.

For the general reader who can afford it, *Jackson Pollock* offers a more comprehensive survey of his work than even the largest museum retrospective could provide. It details the brisk progress of Pollock's painting from the rural-Americana landscapes—inspired by Thomas Hart Benton, Pollock's early mentor—to the "breakthrough" canvases of 1946–47, with their skeins of dribbled and splattered color that at first seemed a release from reality, but in time proved to be only another aspect of that calligraphy of the self which became the focus of Pollock's work. ("Every good artist paints what he is," he remarked in a late interview.) Surprisingly, the range of the work is narrower and more intense than expected, with a recurrent doubling back to figurative elements, as if for self-renewal, once Pollock had achieved the double-edged fame and notoriety that seem to be more hazardous than neglect for American artists, writers, and actors. And there is the mute testimony of the fatal creative impasse of the master's last two years—only five major canvases and some scattered drawings produced—when the artist tried to unravel the problems of identity through psychoanalysis before his career was cut short in a speeding Oldsmobile.

It is one of the virtues of *Modern Art*, by Jean Clay (Vendome/Viking, $40), that the author's scenario of the progress of modern art does not lead straight from the Ecole de Paris to the New York School. Clay, a professor of art history at the University of Paris, takes a wide-ranging European view of modern art, although he covers only the three decades from the death of Van Gogh in 1890 to the end of World War I. Clay is rigorously formalistic in his approach. The text is organized around specific problems—the autonomy of color, the use of distortion, the suggestion of motion. Occasionally, the style runs into esoteric thickets, but the ideas are nearly always provocative. The real value of the book is visual: The format is generous and the illustrations are beautifully reproduced and intelligently selected. Readers jaundiced by the usual monuments of modern art—the all-too-familiar masterpieces by Picasso, Braque, Matisse, *et al.*—will welcome the selection of out-of-the-way works and less familiar artists. Clay pays a good deal of attention to the decadent and not-so-decadent Symbolists—Delville, Khnopff, Segantini, Previati, Schwabe—most of whom seldom turn up in discussions of modern trends. One of the real surprises is Giovanni Boldini, usually regarded as a flashy, Belle Epoque society portraitist. Boldini's painting of an ibis in convulsive motion and his strangely explosive studio-view could easily pass for something as up-to-date (and as old-fashioned, too) as the pictures of Francis Bacon. Boldini seems ripe for a revival; Clay's choice of his works reminds us that it is as much the function of a good art history to restore a forgotten reputation as it is to consign a contemporary one to a mausoleum.

From *Arcimboldo the Magnificent*

For reasons that are among the minor vagaries of art history, James McNeill Whistler has never been considered a major influence on modern trends. Contemporary art historians have gone as far afield as Turner to find precursors for Kandinsky or the American Abstract Expressionists. The late Impressionist water-lily paintings of Monet are



From *Jackson Pollock*

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proposed as having influenced the latter-day Abstract Impressionists. Whistler's work has never been thought of in such terms. Yet Whistler was a renegade in his time; the stodgy English critic John Ruskin dismissed him as an impudent "coxcomb" who dared to ask "two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint into the public's face." Whistler's controversial near-abstraction, "Nocturne: The Falling Rocket," with its splattered light and trailing color, certainly has some surface relationships with the work of Pollock; but, so far as I know, most contemporary critics do not seriously entertain the idea of a connection between the two.

James McNeill Whistler, by Hilary Taylor (Putnam's, $22.50), does not examine those issues. It is, instead, a thorough and serviceable academic monograph on an artist who started out as an *enfant terrible* and ended up—without regrets—as an establishmentarian. Miss Taylor devotes considerable attention to the Whistler-Ruskin trial in which the artist sued the critic for libel and was awarded one farthing in damages, one of the notable 19th-century confrontations between an artist and his public. Whistler, who had a gift for wit and invective, moved in the most influential social circles. Late in life, he had a devoted following of younger artists in London and Paris (among the latter, Giovanni Boldini). He was innovative, yet he seems to have been at the wrong place in the wrong time, for he never influenced the course of modern art. There is little justice in art history. It was Cézanne, suspicious, reclusive, provincial—a stubborn bourgeois from Provence—who became the unlikely father of modern art.

Cézanne, by Lionello Venturi (Skira/Rizzoli, $50), has all the éclat of those large, lavishly illustrated volumes that Skira first produced after World War II, initiating the current boom in expensive art books. The text is a superb and lucid essay by the Italian art historian who produced the first Cézanne catalog in 1936. Written in 1961, just before Venturi's death, it offers a revisionist view of Cézanne's reputation among his contemporaries, the most knowledgeable of whom, it appears, were far more discerning about Cézanne's importance than one had supposed. As one of his admirers, Paul Sérusier, prophesied: "If, as I venture to hope, a tradition is to spring from our time, it is from Cézanne that it will spring." Venturi's tribute is a corrective to the popular image of Cézanne as a crabbed and eccentric painter who stumbled into modernity. His book is a complex and authoritative portrait of an artist who understood his role and tenaciously stuck to it. "An era of new art is in the making," Cézanne predicted in a letter to a friend. No one should have known better; he brought it into being.

Tutankhamen fever is still in the epidemic stage. *The Gold of Tutankhamen*, by Kamal El Mallakh and Arnold C. Brackman (Newsweek Books, $49.95), is the latest bit of evidence between covers. This handsomely produced volume aims at offering the best of two worlds: It carries a wide range of glossy color reproductions of the ceremonial objects and royal treasures, and dispenses with the usual fusty art-history text, providing instead a racy and literate narrative of one of the great archeological finds of the century.

Everyone, presumably, wants to be an archeologist—without the dust, danger, and incredible frustrations, of course—and the rapidly paced Brackman text will certainly give the reader a sense of the excitement felt on that day in November 1922, when Howard Carter broke through the sealed door and caught a sudden glimpse of golden thrones, jewelled chariots, and the incredible luxury and refinement of Egyptian civilization some 3,200 years before. I suspect, however, that the price of this volume will be too high for those who want only a good read and pretty pictures, and the text not important enough for those who want certified culture with their books.

The light fantastic: *Arcimboldo the Marvelous*, by André Pieyre de Mandiargues (Abrams, $28.50), is a haute-couture item among the season's art books. The pages are basic black, the type pearly white, and the full-page illustrations and details gorgeously rouged. Arcimboldo, a 16th-century Italian artist, served as portrait painter for the Habsburg court, master of festivals and masquerades, and, probably, curator for the royal collections of art and oddities assembled by Maximilian II and Rudolf II. He is remembered, however, for his bizarre painted portraits, cunningly contrived from arrangements of fruits, flowers, vegetables, fish, and fowl—seemingly the work of a greengrocer or fishmonger gone mad with art. The metaphors are literal; cheeks are made of ripe apples or peaches, lips are not merely rosy, but rosebuds. The text, a 124-page causerie, is as fruity and florid as the subject itself, studded with nuggets of information and interpretation. A book for the acquired taste. ◉

James R. Mellow, a freelance writer and art critic, is completing a biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

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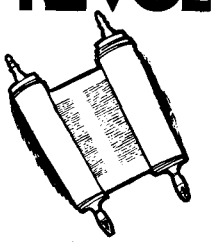

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Lime-Lighted Photography Books

by Owen Edwards

THERE'S A particularly absorbent spot in the Great Quagmire of Ephemeral Culture reserved for photography books. Into one's life they come, perfectly tailored, self-assured, as welcome as entertaining and well-informed dinner guests. For a week or two they hold forth with élan, and then, suddenly, they run out of charm. Then it is off the coffee table and onto the extra-large (bottom) shelf of the bookcase, where they languish until a change of house or apartment returns them momentarily to light and they end up in humble circumstances at used-book stores.

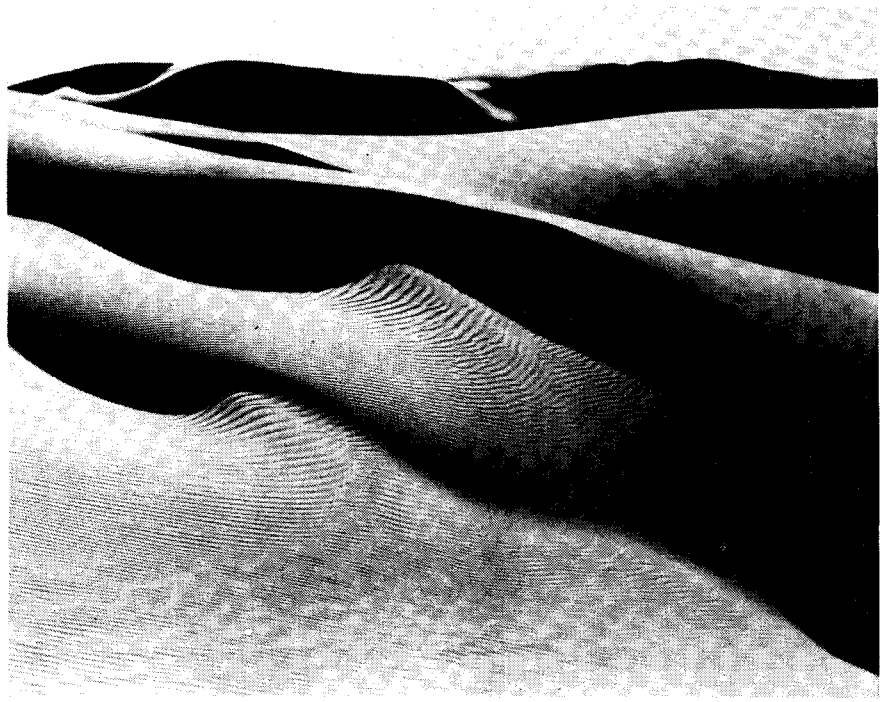
Photographs are unpredictable. Fifty remarkable prints on the walls of a museum do not always make 50 equally remarkable pages in a book. What was vibrant at first hand can seem embalmed between the covers of a book. The pictures in Ansel Adams and Andre Kertesz monographs look like preserved corpses when compared to the original prints—mysteriously, the reproductions have none of the original's face-to-face energy; the books of fine photographers can lie flat and soulless for reasons no one can understand.

Conversely, pictures that don't seem at all wonderful as single images can take on new vigor when placed together on pages. Something as odd and seemingly offhand as Peter Beard's and Allistair Graham's *Eyelids of Morning*, with its endless grisly studies of dead crocodiles and grim Lake Rudolf vistas, or as unsung as Richard Avedon's theatrical exposition of Andre Gregory's 1973 Alice in Wonderland production, or as youthful and unpretentious as Lartigue's *Diary of a Century*, can stay alive and inviting for years.

The safest bet for Christmas, I suppose, is to buy what you like and hope that by the time the daffodils are unfurling, you or your friends will still like what you bought. This year, at least, there is a lot to start with.

Happily for those who love to read as well as look, the New York Graphic Society has brought out a paperback reprint of Aperture's illustrated biography of *Edward Weston* ($13.95) by Ben Maddow. Although I have never much liked Weston's pictures, or him (as I divine him from his own writing), Ben Maddow limns beautifully what it was that made the photographer see as he did. When I knew Maddow briefly in Los Angeles, he played the harpsichord, and he brings that instrument's clear architectonics to his writing. Maddow begins his life of Weston thus: "He was pure, one is told, and therefore poor; or even vice versa. But there is considerable testimony—his own—that he wanted to be neither." And so on, memorably, for the next 122 pages. An essential book.

In praise of women, his abiding subject matter, Richard Avedon is inimita-



From *Edward Weston*

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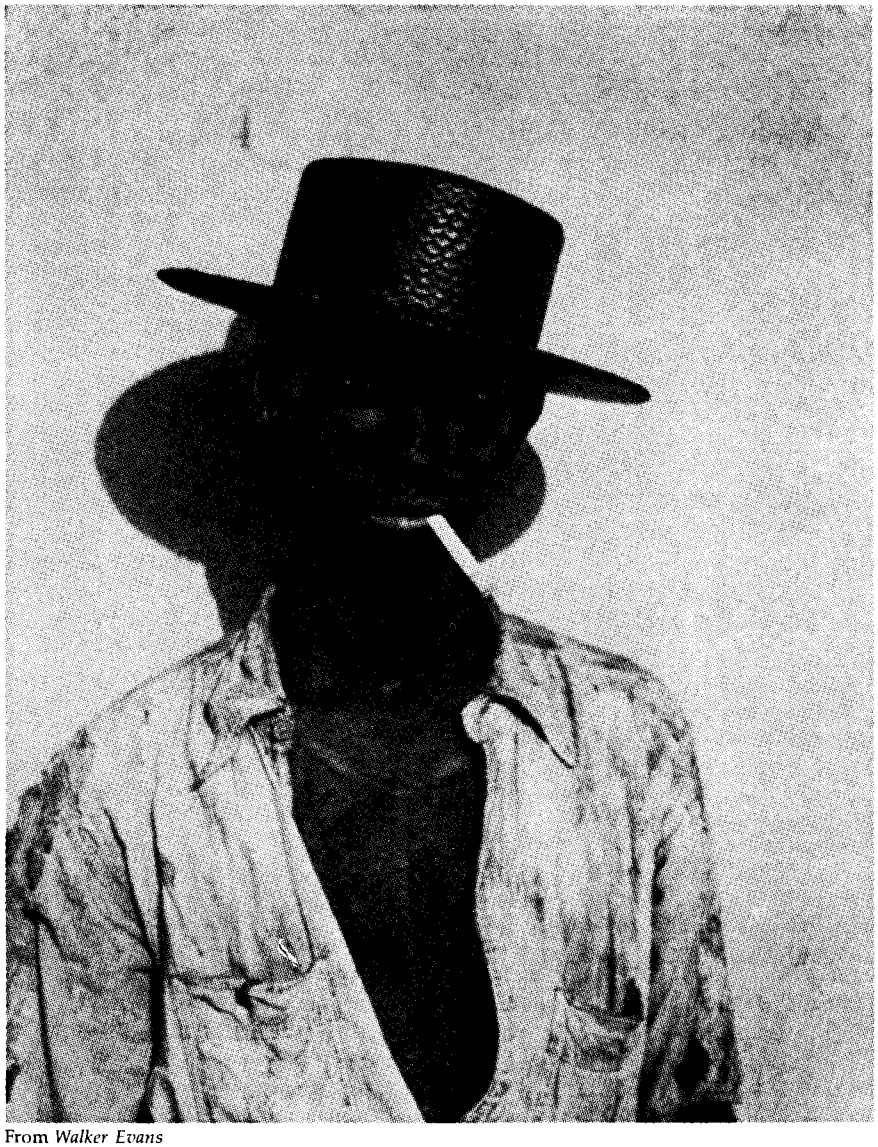

From *Walker Evans*

ble, riveting, surprising, occasionally disturbing, always singularly himself. His lavish book, *Avedon Photographs, 1947-1977* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $50), is an amazing, frequently eccentric tour de force concocted from Avedon's long, phenomenally successful career as a fashion photographer and portraitist. Though occasional pictures seem unnatural for him (his work in the mid-Sixties, when the elegance toward which Avedon naturally gravitates was temporarily eclipsed, appears a little strained), the overall effect is epic; Avedon defines the glamour that has hallmarked an era.

Perhaps nothing is so surely indicative of the growing confidence of publishers in the medium of photography than the fact that Harper & Row has brought out an attractively designed collection of Walker Evans's visionary pictures of America and has dared to forego the standard written introduction. From the first page of *Walker Evans First and Last* ($29.95), the statement belongs to the photographer. Mute and eloquent, the pictures of houses and shops, stables and monuments, empty rooms and peopled subway cars, junkyards and cemeteries, pedestrian heroes and heroic pedestrians, make up no less than a Faulknerian saga. If this book ultimately suffers coffee-table neglect, it may be because of a purity most of us don't associate with the America we have known.

There have been, it seems, countless thousands of boxing pictures, from the archetypal tabloid shot of a fighter's face being punched grotesquely out of shape to the perpetual glory moment of a victor leaping at center ring with his arms outstretched in a muscular vee. The odds against a photographer coming up with anything more than the same old stuff are formidable, but George Bennett has succeeded with *Fighters* (Doubleday/Dolphin, $7.95 pa-

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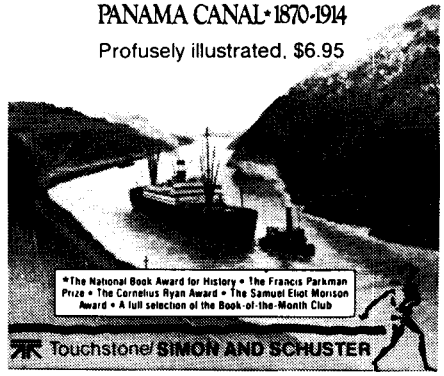
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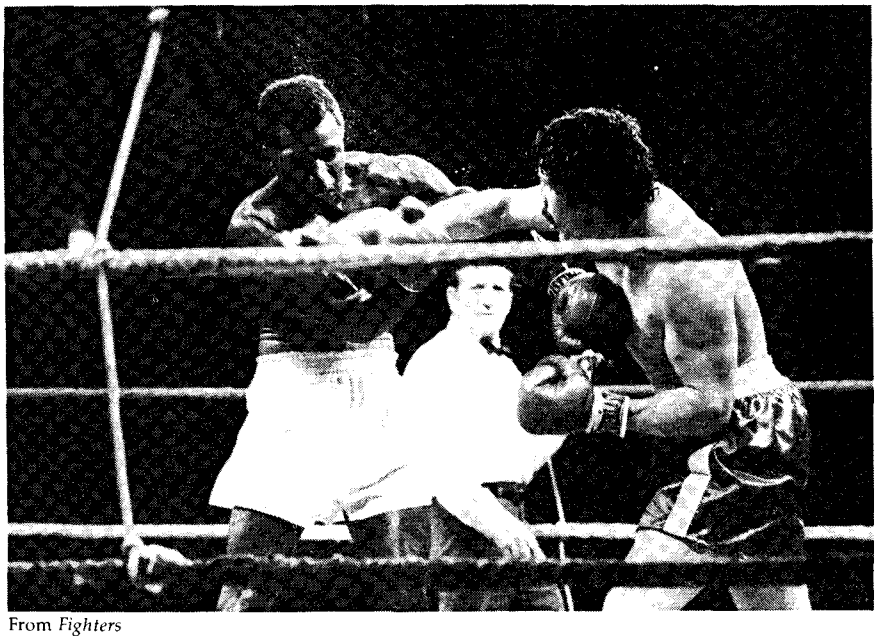

From *Fighters*

per). Bennett's intense, grainy, sepia pictures reveal a world of boxing that rarely draws the popularizing gaze of television or the hyperbolic praise of Howard Cosell: the tough, hopeful, emotional world of club fights and Golden Gloves matches. With a fine text by Pete Hamill that honors the pictures without trying to upstage them, the book is an affectionate and informed essay on what remains, anachronistically, the manly art.

Underwater photography is as cliché-inclined as boxing coverage, and Leni Riefenstahl, in her spectacular *Coral Gardens* (Harper & Row, $29.95), has avoided very few of the standard images. That Riefenstahl has learned to scuba dive at the age of 71 is no small accomplishment, but it is not enough by itself to single her out among such underwater masters as David Doubilet and Doug Faulkner. Shot in the reefs of the Red Sea, the Caribbean, and the Indian Ocean, the pictures in this elaborate book are occasionally haunting—the saucer of an ordinary jellyfish shot through with sunlight is otherworldly—but mostly they seem indiscriminate and somehow hurried, as if it never occurred to the editors or the photographer that life underwater needs an especially evolved visual treatment. Riefenstahl's great ability has always been the depiction of extraordinary human bodies, of athletes and warriors; clearly, she didn't realize that fish are another kettle of images.

Neil Leifer may never have gone full fathom five in search of a picture, but he's done just about everything else. As a staff photographer for *Sports Illustrated* and then for *Time* magazine, Leifer has prevailed brilliantly in the fierce hand-to-hand combat of sports photography, finding ways—weird, desperate, dazzling—to take a new look at yet another basketball game, Grand Prix, pitcher's windup, knockout, marathon, or ski jump. Abrams's publication of *Sports!* ($29.95), a splendidly printed collection of his work, is an eye-filling acknowledgment of the fact that Leifer has deservedly become one of the best known and marketable specialists in his field.

Three forays by Simon & Schuster into laughs, leers, and frontal lobotomies are *Recent Developments* ($9.95) by Elliott Erwitt, *Sleepless Nights* ($25) by Helmut Newton, and *Wallflower* ($25) by Deborah Turbeville. Erwitt tells visual jokes, about half of which are really funny—an impressive batting average for one of the hardest things to do with a camera. An elegant introduction by Wilfrid Sheed is just right for the book's wry mood. Newton's consistent leitmotif is almost quaint—beautiful women without much on in scenes of peril or vaguely nightmarish sex. The Newtonian theory is all very lush, lurid, and *Last Year at Marienbad* (and *very* German); but however trendy it may seem, the aesthetic ultimately is as passé as the Weimar Republic.

Turbeville, whose pictures of vacant-eyed ladies in shower rooms gave *Vogue* readers the vapors a few years ago, is pushing her sleek angst just slightly too hard. We find ourselves locked into what looks like Bloomingdale's Circle of Hell, filled with beautiful young things dressed in thousands of dollars' worth of goodies, not one of them having any fun at all. Whether or not it's fair, feeling bad about wealthy despair is simply tougher than feeling bad about poor despair. As sharp as Turbeville's irony and wit can be—and as diverting as many of her pictures are—the theme is wearing thin.

Last and very much least, I bestow the honor of the Most Gratuitous Photography book of 1978 on *The Brooke Book* ($3.95) by Brooke Shields and the ghastly, ghostly corporation that markets her. Published by Pocket Books, Brooke's bomb tells you more than you want to know about America's newest naughty daydream on the first two pages. The awful pop intimacy offered up to the buyer of this book can actually tempt one to suggest that cameras be licensed, like handguns, but much, much more carefully.

The maddening thing about this odd Christmas mix is that the best may gather dust while the flawed may end up fascinating forever. We are left, finally, with that question of taste. ◉

Spirited Story Books

by William Cole

AS I WROTE here some years ago, there's a damnable lie that appears on the front flap of many kids' books, which goes to the tune of "Children and grown-ups alike will love this story." Seldom true. If you read to your children, you'll have a heck of a time finding books that will hold the slightest glimmer of interest for yourself as well as for little Bobby and Sandra. Self-sacrifice is the name of parenthood, but when it comes to something as important as reading, this parent, for one, becomes a mite selfish. So here is a list, more selective than ever, of books that won't bring a big yawn from daddy or mommy at sleepy time; books with some humor, some beauty, some solid information gracefully imparted.

At the time of going to press, Farrar Straus & Giroux had nothing but catalog copy to show me of William Steig's new book for young children, **Tiffky Doofky**, a full-color $7.95 volume. But going on his past record, it's got to be good. It's about a dog who is a garbage collector. What can I say except that the man's a genius. **The Great Song Book** (Doubleday, $12.50) has full-color illustrations by Tomi Ungerer. First published in Switzerland a couple of years ago in *Das Grosses Liederbuch*, it is a collection of German folk songs. The English and American publishers have tried to fit these illustrations to English and American songs—sometimes suc-

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cessfully, sometimes not. For example, John Peel is shown on a horse—okay, but why is he carrying a blunderbuss and powder horn? Nonetheless, a good standard selection of songs, and the gorgeous pictures are for the whole family. From Tomi Ungerer to Tomie de Paola, who has at least five books on this season's list, including one of mine that he's illustrated. His best is his retelling of *The Juggler of Our Lady*, in which a juggler makes a statue of the Christ Child smile. He calls it **The Clown of God** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich,

From *Tiffky Doofky*

$8.95), and sets it in Sorrento during the Renaissance. The ending gave me an authentic spine-chill.

Lush is the word for **Beauty and the Beast**, retold by Marianna Mayer and illustrated by Mercer Mayer (Four Winds, $8.95). A handsome book and an always-beautiful tale, but had I been Beauty I would have found the forceful, handsomely attired Beast far more attractive than the vapid Prince he turns into. More retelling in **Seven Stories by Hans Christian Andersen**, by Eric Carle (Watts, $5.95). Mr. Carle is a powerful illustrator; great splashes of color, but well under control. And a fine reteller, too. Raymond Briggs is one of my favorite English writer-illustrators. **The Snowman** (Random House, $4.95) tells, in strip form, how a boy builds a snowman, wakes up at night, goes outside, and finds his creation has come to life. The snowman tips his hat and takes the boy's hand and off they go adventuring. A bargain. Another fine English artist, John Burningham, has **Would You Rather...** (Crowell, $8.95), an oversize book about a little girl's fantasies about knights and kings—"Would you rather an elephant drank your bath water, an eagle stole your dinner, or a pig tried on your clothes?"

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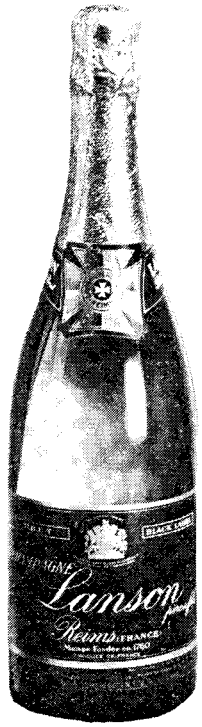

No.	Item	Bottle	Case
32	LANSON BLACK LABEL BRUT FRENCH CHAMPAGNE	7.99	86.29

It is no ordinary event - in light of inflation, weakness of the dollar against the franc, low harvest yields in the Champagne area, and increased world demand for Champagne - to be able to obtain a world-famous, dry Champagne such as LANSON BLACK LABEL BRUT - at a price as low as this - not even a thrifty Frenchman can do better. Founded in 1760, LANSON soon became the favorite Champagne of England - in recognition of its excellence, LANSON received the coveted 'royal warrant' from Queen Victoria.

Small indeed the quantity available - it will go fast. Now is the time to anticipate your Christmas needs. The importer informs us that the price will revert to its proper level of $9.99 the bottle on January 1st.

No.	Item	Bottle	Case
781	BEAUJOLAIS PRIMEUR 1978, Pellerin	—	43.95

There is joy in Beaujolais in 1978! The 1978 crop has just been gathered. It is rich in fruit and charm - a worthy successor to the great 1976 vintage. This wine will find its way in bottle in November - and then shipped by fast boat to New York, a scant 2 months after the harvest. It will be available to you for delivery during early December, thus permitting you to be the 'first on your block' to serve the new Beaujolais. Will make an ideal Christmas gift - also sheer joyous perfection for your Christmas and New Year's Eve parties. This is the best 'Beaujolais Primeur' that has been shipped in years - probably the equal of the superb '76 and '61. Buy now and Save.

531	LA VIEILLE FERME ROUGE 1976	2.99	34.75

La Vieille Ferme, in bucolic fashion, can rustically be translated as 'old farm.' It is from this disarming heritage that this honest, eminently satisfying red wine, grown in the Rhone Valley, was born. Please - don't let the low price discourage you.

758	BOURGOGNE BLANC 1975 (Bouzeron)	5.49	63.65

Estate-bottled in the Burgundy hills of Bouzeron by Aubert de Villaine, co-proprietor of Domaine de la Romanee-Conti. A beautiful dry white that will compete with Meursault.

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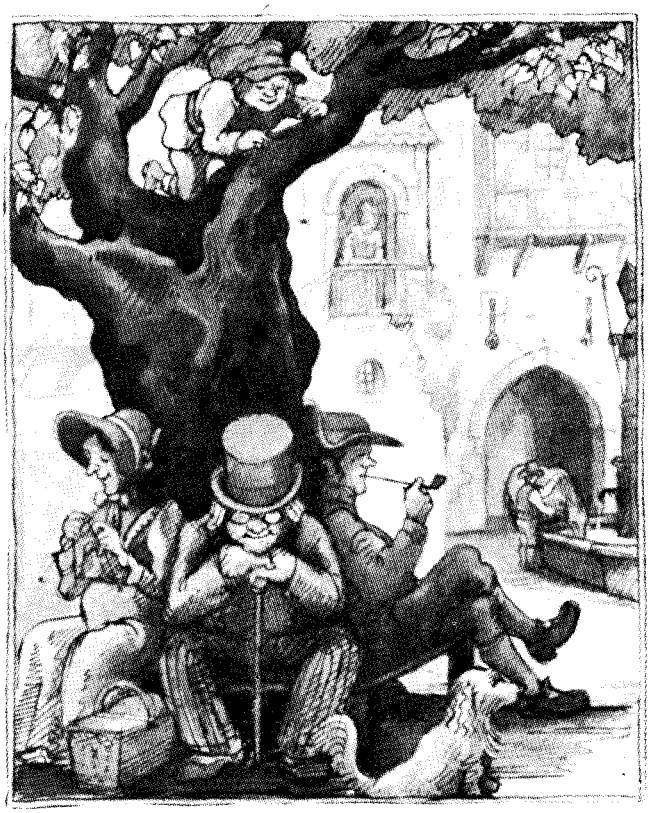

From *The Great Song Book*

From *Hugo and Oddsock*

lutsky in **The Queen of Eene** (Greenwillow, $6.95). Said Queen is "...a silly clown,/she put her crown on upside down./'I'll put it right side up' she said,/and so she stood upon her head." Nursery rhymes that sound as if they could be found in *Mother Goose* in **Catch Me and Kiss Me & Say it Again**, by Clyde Watson, illustrated by Wendy Watson (Collins + World, $7.95). Even such refreshingly amoral rhymes as "1 2 3 4 5 6 7,/All good children go to heaven./7 6 5 4 3 2 1,/Naughty children have more fun." High spirits make up for the corny illustrations in **I Wish I Had a Computer That Makes Waffles**, by Fitzhugh Dodson (Oak Tree Publications, $7.95), which encourages a child to write his own nonsense poems. For older children, a photo-text book, **The Wild Horse Gatherers**, by Alden Robertson (Sierra Club/Scribner's, $10.95), is about a wild horse roundup—*not* for dog food, but for a government program called Adopt-a-Horse. Good stuff about real cowboys. Where do odd socks go? You'll find out in **Hugo and Oddsock**, by Tony Ross (Follett, $6.95), wacky adventures of a little mouse who goes through a hole in the sky and finds his missing sock. Spirited, and very funny. ◉

William Cole's latest children's books are Oh, Such Foolishness! *(Lippincott) and* An Arkful of Animals *(Houghton Mifflin).*

For Friends and Family

by Doris Grumbach

MY HABIT IS to give books for Christmas. A book is the only present I know in which you can perfectly match the object to the person. Here is this season's shopping list.

For cartoonist Garry Trudeau, a distant acquaintance: One of the year's most handsomely produced books, *Saul Steinberg*, by Harold Rosenberg (Knopf, $25). Since 1942, when Steinberg sent me a witty pen-and-ink self-portrait from Ciudad Trujillo, I've been amazed by the variety, charm, and inventiveness of his cartoons and drawings. Of the 274 included, 64 are in color, all are wonderful, with Rosenberg's most readable explicatory text.

For my calligraphy-loving friend living in a commune in Mendocino, California, *The Calligrapher's Engagement Calendar, 1979* (Taplinger, $8.95, boxed). This is a spiral-bound calendar of particular beauty. Each week of the year is laid out on a large page and is faced with fine, calligraphic representations of verses from Proverbs.

For my daughter Jane, trained as a scene designer: *Free Adult Uncensored: The Living History of the Federal Theatre Project*, edited by John O'Connor and Lorraine Brown (New Republic Books, $24.95 cloth, $11.95 paper). A treasure trove of a book, superbly printed in Japan. It consists of a lavishly illustrated history of the Federal Theatre in the Thirties. Full of fascinating oral history, playbills, lovely plates of scenic designs and costumes, many in color. The nostalgia buff and the theater person will be taken with it.

For my literary, bird-loving friend in Maine: The University of Tennessee has produced a study of bird symbols used in art and literature, called *Birds With Human Souls*, by Beryl Rowland ($15). It is a chatty but scholarly book written for the general reader, and is well-illustrated by woodcuts and drawings from old manuscripts. The book is both visually and intellectually satisfying. "Woodpecker," for example, goes back to the bird that helped care for Romulus and Remus, and forward to Woody.

For my anglophile Aunt Carrie: *Life in the English Country House*, by Mark Girouard (Yale University Press, $19.95), will provide her with the opportunity of living in the great houses she so admires. Alas, such homes are no longer being built, or even maintained. Many, many plates here, 32 in color. The text takes the reader from houses built in the Middle Ages to the elegant 20th-century edifices designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens.

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For four of my art-loving friends who live in New York's SoHo: At least one copy to each of publisher George Braziller's series of important Eastern and Western manuscripts. Every volume is of superior quality when you consider the low price, especially, of the paperbacks. The color plates (there are many) were printed in Switzerland and are of unusually high quality.

One of this year's volumes, *Hebrew Manuscript Painting*, by Joseph Gutmann ($10.95 paper), reproduces ancient manuscripts which prove, contrary to belief, that Judaism was not opposed to illustration in its holy books. Noteworthy examples are from the Yemen 15th-century Pentateuch, and Spanish Bibles dating from the 13th century.

Another in the series is Kurt Weitzmann's *The Icon* ($11.95 paper), containing some stunning plates from the Sinai Icon, as well as a startlingly modern-looking sixth-century icon of John the Baptist that may be found in Kiev. My personal favorite is *Manuscript Painting at the Court of France*, by François Avril ($9.95 paper), because of its exquisite reproductions from the *Hours of Jeanne D'Evreux*.

The only other publisher who issues large-format, high-quality paperbacks of the quality of Braziller's is Dover Publications. But I have already flooded my friends with *their* quality paperback books.

For my son-in-law Sam, who has the best sense of humor in my family: *Infinite Jest*, by Paul Barolsky (University of Missouri Press, $34). This book is handsome proof that Renaissance art in Italy was full of bawdy, grotesque, and mock-heroic wit. It's a delightful, serious study, with a text both scholarly and entertaining. The plates alone (alas, all in black and white) are worth the price.

For eight or nine good friends who love to receive somewhat uncelebrated but superior books: *The Horse of Pride*, by Pierre-Jakez Hélias, translated by June Guicharnaud (Yale University Press, $15). Very few pictures here, but a vivid and memorable text portraying life in a Breton village 50 years ago. Hélias tells of his childhood, of the hard lives of his fellow villagers, of the joys and trials of a place of which he is fiercely proud. His account is evidence that ethnological study can be warm and humorous.

For my grandson Isaac: Bantam has just issued a small jewel of a book, *Children of the World Paint Jerusalem* (paper $6.95). It contains 110 paintings by children between the ages of seven and 14, the winning selections from all over

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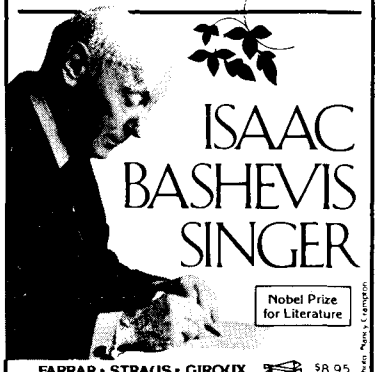

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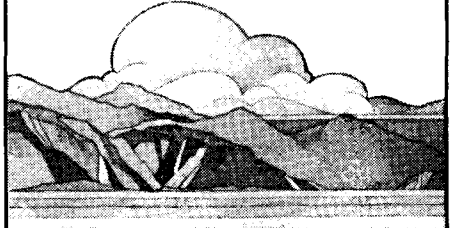

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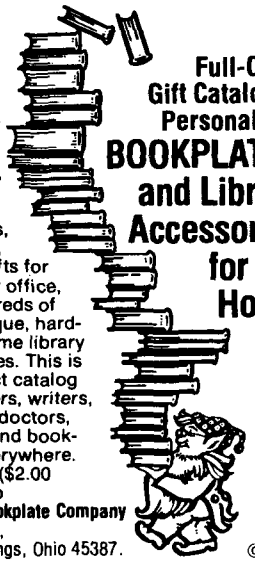

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From *Children of the World Paint Jerusalem*

the world in an Israel-sponsored contest. Naturally, children imagined the Holy City in terms of their own landscapes—a Swiss boy has painted high mountains and a cable car in his view of Jerusalem. All the work, produced here in full, excellent color, is fine. A wonderful gift for a child, an adult, a lover of art, a celebrant of Christmas in its true spirit.

For friend Richard, who is writing a book on photography: Milton Meltzer has written an authoritative life of *Dorothea Lange* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $15), the great American photographer whose most famous work was done in the Thirties, when she photographed picket lines, tenant farmers, and Okies. Meltzer is a very careful historian. He uses Lange's journals and letters, as well as a generous sampling of her work, to make this an outstanding biography. "If the photographer is not a discoverer, he is not an artist," said Paul Strand, and here we see the extraordinary discoveries Lange made with her camera.

For Saul Steinberg, an old acquaintance: *Doonesbury's Greatest Hits*, by Garry Trudeau (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $12.95 cloth, $7.95 paper). Somehow, I think Trudeau's mordant political wit, which is more direct and less imaginative than Steinberg's extraordinary flights of fancy, will appeal to the older master. Trudeau has chosen some of the best episodes from his comic strip, and each one is complete. Some are in their original glowing Sunday-papers colors. Any follower of Duke, Zonker, Joanie, Lacey, and, of course, Doonesbury, will have a retrospective ball. Merry Christmas, Mr. Steinberg.

For all the fiction-lovers among my friends: Their *own* copies of *The World According to Garp*, by John Irving (Dutton, $10.95), the only book on the current best-seller list worth reading, rereading, and giving as a gift. And the one that, to my mind, stands a chance of surviving into the next decade. ◉

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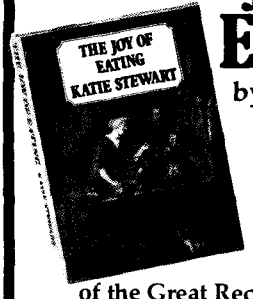

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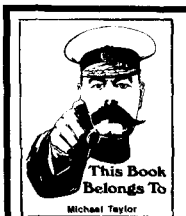

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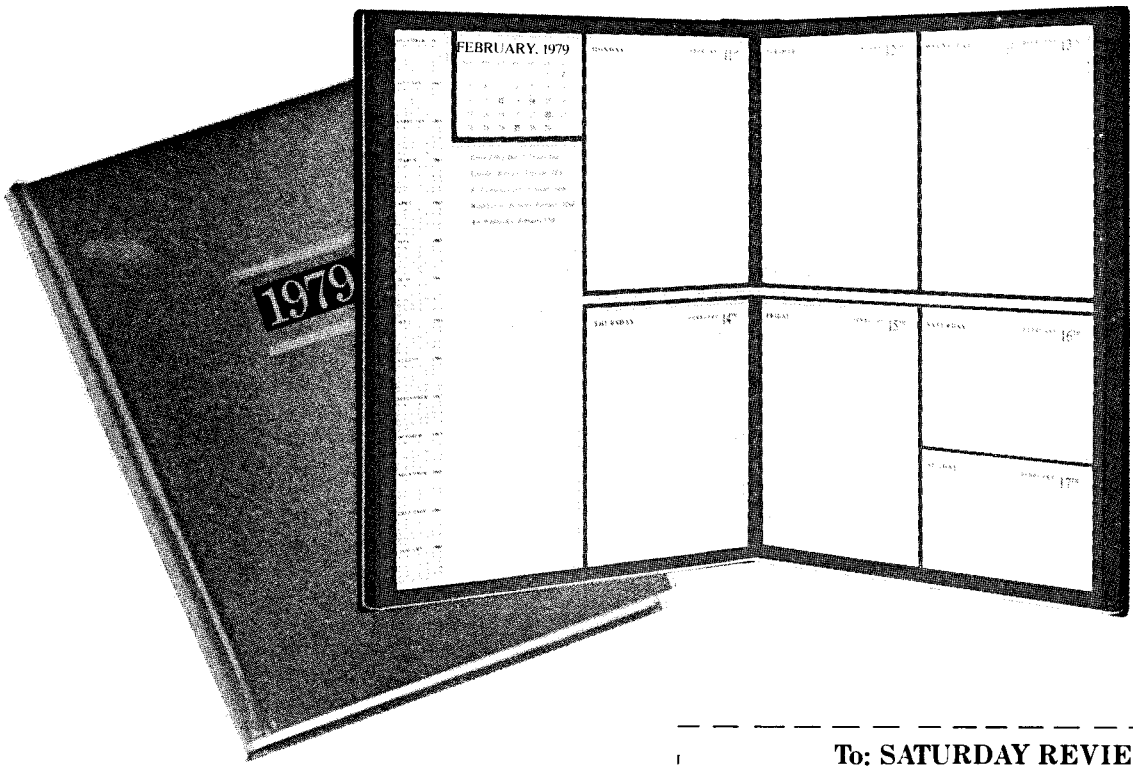

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Love and Desolation

by Vicki Goldberg

HIS MOTHER DIED when he was five, his sister when he was 13. He himself was so ill as a child he was given up for dead more than once. His father promised him that an inferno awaited him for his sins, and throughout his life he seems to have suffered its torments in his love affairs.

"My home was a home of sickness and death," he wrote. "Indeed I have never overcome its disasters. And it has also had decisive importance for my art." Norwegian artist Edvard Munch was an alchemist of sorts, transmuting tragedy and psychological imbalance into highly structured paradigms of emotion. The symbolism distilled in his paintings carries its charge beyond his country and his time: The German Expressionists peopled their streets with the faceless strangers of Munch's urban wasteland, and Ingmar Bergman's recent *Cries and Whispers* looked like a reprise of Munch's tense and airless sickrooms.

Over 225 of Munch's paintings and prints are currently on view at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C. (through February 19), in the largest exhibit of the artist's work ever mounted in this country. Ninety percent of Munch's work is in Norwegian collections, and few paintings are in public collections here. *Edvard Munch: Symbols and Images* is handsomely inclusive: It partially reconstructs two shows—a Berlin exhibit of 1895 and a Christiania exhibit of 1897; gives a loose chronological survey of Munch's work; displays his "Tree of Knowledge," an album that is part diary and part art, never shown before even in Norway; unites several of his themes as worked out in different media; brings together a number of the watercolors which are little known here; and calls welcome attention to Munch the master printer. The prints, which play variations on the paintings' themes, are particularly valuable, for Munch insisted on exposing his paintings to the elements, which dealt with them unkindly. And in some instances the prints are more compelling. The 1894 etching of "The Girl and Death" passionately embracing is brilliant and shocking, the girl's body full and nearly transparent against the inky black bones of Death, whose outlines crumble softly away.

Grouping Munch's works thematically is most revealing, for the artist saw his work as a series of related themes. In 1893, early in the most fruitful decade of his career, Munch wrote that he was working on a series of pictures about love and death. He thought the two inextricably linked. Vampires loom in Munch's work of that time; Salomé, too, with a severed head. The artist lived and painted the violent subconscious battles of sex and death that Freud was just exploring. In the 1880s in Norway, Munch belonged to a group of artists and writers who experimented with free love; in their search for liberty they found mainly jealousy and despair. Munch's lovers separate in picture after picture, yet the man ever remains tangled in the woman's hair. Munch was obsessed with hair as a sexual symbol, like Ibsen's Hedda Gabler, who threatened to burn her rival's hair.

IN THE NINETIES in Berlin, the pattern of love and desolation continued. There his circle of friends included Strindberg and other writers who found women infinitely desirable and appallingly destructive. Strindberg wrote about Munch's painting, "The Kiss": "the fusion of two beings, the smaller of which, shaped like a carp, seems on the point of devouring the larger as is the habit of vermin, microbes, vampires, and women." The group of literati in Berlin believed that man could find immortality through sex by begetting a child, but that sexual attractions inevitably resulted in spiritual death. So Munch's "Madonna," naked as her lover sees her at the moment of conception and haloed with a glory of paint, is framed by a border of pulsing spermatozoa and a little creature, half fetus, half skeleton. Once a woman Munch had rejected pretended to be dying in order to lure him back, then threatened to shoot herself. In the struggle for the gun, a joint of Munch's finger was shot off. He transformed the incident into "The Death of Marat," the man lying on the bloody bed with arms spread out like Christ's, the woman naked and triumphant.

The paintings and prints in Washington are still fierce and unnerving, so unflinchingly does Munch plumb the depths of his emotions and ours. He sought to elevate experience to a quasi-religious plane, to find in nature and the natural elements of life some primal power to fill the void left by religion's exit. In 1889 he wrote, "No longer shall I paint interiors, and people reading, and women knitting. I shall paint living people who breathe and feel and suffer and love....People will understand the sacredness of it, and will take off their hats as though they were in church." This newly sacred art redefined the ancient terms of man's fear of damnation; hell was here, in the claustrophobic streets of the modern city and in nature itself, that playground of endless yearning and terror. Munch said he "sensed a scream passing through nature," and he painted that "Scream" with a space so unreasonable it betrays our normal expectations, with color heightened to a pitch of violence, and with the sinuous line of Gauguin made to writhe menacingly. He wrote in the upper red area of the sky: "Can only have been painted by a madman."

In 1908 Munch committed himself for a short time to a sanitarium. He continued to paint till his death in 1944. Some of the late work in the show is vigorous and fine, particularly "Self-Portrait Between Clock and Bed," where the old man stands before his life work waiting for a clock without hands to strike. But in many late pieces, Munch's line tends to lose its taut expressiveness and his compositions lapse into formulas. He was no longer painting icons of anguish. He had already spoken, once and for all, to that unslaked desire and relentless anxiety that are still so familiar today. ◉

Vicki Goldberg is an art historian and a contributing editor of American Photographer.

"Madonna," ca. 1895, on loan from the Munch Museum in Oslo.

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MOVIES

Altman, le Misanthrope

Arthur Schlesinger, jr.

WHEN I discussed the American Film Institute poll on the greatest American movies in this space some months ago (January 21), I complained about several notable movies that had been unaccountably left out of the top 10. In filing my complaint, I unaccountably left one out myself—Robert Altman's *Nashville*, the most original and brilliant American film of the Seventies.

I thought about *Nashville* as I saw Altman's *A Wedding* (20th Century-Fox). If Altman meant *Nashville* as, among other things, an inquiry into the nature of our mass culture, then *A Wedding* might be taken as a companion inquiry into the nature of the American family. If this is so, while his kaleidoscopic narrative technique remains as fascinating as ever, his vision of America has narrowed and cheapened.

A Wedding opens, suitably enough, with a wedding. The scene shifts rapidly to a fine old Chicago mansion where the head of the groom's family, a very old and very patrician lady, lies dying in her room. As patterns begin to form in the kaleidoscope, we begin to gather that she has three daughters. One, who married an Italian waiter years before, is the mother of the groom. A second is a hyperefficient businesswoman married to a dopy fat man. The third is carrying on with the able black manservant of the house.

The bride's family is lower-class Louisville. But this hardly matters since the Chicago family has evidently been ostracized as a result of the Italian misalliance; only one guest beyond the wedding party comes to the reception.

In the familiar Altman style, the camera darts from kitchen to drawing room to bathroom to bedroom while the characters talk desperately at and over one another. An atmosphere of incipient hysteria pervades the film. *Nashville* had a climate of hysteria too, but the characters retained dignity even in their moments of exposure, humiliation, and ruin. By comparison, *A Wedding* is a heartless movie. Everything is played for laughs. Everyone—except the old lady, who dies in the first half-hour—is systematically stripped of dignity. The bride wears braces on her teeth. Her sister is a nymphomaniac. Her brother is an epileptic. The groom is a satyr. His mother is a drug addict. His uncle is a philanderer. The charming old bishop who performs the ceremony is on the edge of senility. The family doctor strokes every female breast in sight. Before the film ends we wander on into homosexuality (male and female), heroin, violence.

Despite these excesses, *A Wedding* is worth seeing. Altman cannot make a boring film. He has an exact ear for sappy American conversation. The kaleidoscopic cutting infuses the movie with some of the incompleteness, irrelevance, and confusion of living. If Altman cuts his characters down, at the same time he encourages his actors to play these characters with strength and definition—thus Lillian Gish's acerbic authority as head of the family, Howard Duff's weary resignation as doctor to a family of zanies, Dina Merrill's courteous incredulity as the hyperefficient sister, John Cromwell's befuddled charm as the aging bishop, Vittorio Gassman's sardonic patience as the Italian husband, Geraldine Chaplin's smarmy professionalism as the director of the wedding staff.

Still, the irony is too glib, too methodically calculated, to be persuasive. Nor can this film be taken simply as an indictment of the hypocrisies of American life. Altman makes his Italian characters quite as ridiculous as he makes his fellow countrymen. One is left with the sense of having witnessed an explosion of misanthropy.

Who Is Killing the Great Chefs of Europe? (Warner Brothers) has a witty script by Peter Stone, a gourmet's relish in *haute cuisine*, a splendid, showy performance by Robert Morley, and an entertaining mystery plot. The film moves blithely on from London to Venice to Paris as, one after another, the great chefs are eliminated by some unknown miscreant. The French sequences are especially diverting, with the local chefs confronted by a fateful dilemma: whether it is better to be murdered or to survive with the stigma of not having been chosen by the discriminating assassin as the top chef of France.

Ted Kotcheff, the director, has a poetic eye for food. Never have the rituals of cooking been more lovingly depicted in a movie. If only his touch were as deft with human beings! Alas, his direction is a little too broad for so subtle a screenplay. He seems to have instructed his cast to act at the top of their voices. Even reliable performers like George Segal and Jean-Pierre Cassel appear frantic when they should be easy, controlled, relaxed. One has the feeling that a marvelous soufflé has been somewhat spoiled by a mediocre cook. Still, *Who Is Killing the Great Chefs* remains highly edible. But then one thinks what a great chef like Lubitsch might have done with it. ◉

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THEATER

Openings in the Non-News Vacuum

by Martin Gottfried

ARISTOTLE WONDERED whether a falling tree makes a sound if nobody is there to see it. He had no television set. Our senses have been extended. We need not see with our own two eyes to believe. The television camera sees for us, as do newspapers, archaic as they are beginning to seem.

We are never more aware of our dependence on these extended senses than when they are absent. The current New York theater season began in the vacuum of a newspaper strike. Producers whose plays were already running could only hope the public remembered what was playing and where. New productions were faced with establishing their existence, let alone their quality. There were no *eyes* for the public; the interim newspapers that appeared during the strike carried as little authority as their comic-strip names. A newspaper that doesn't itself seem real can hardly communicate a credible reality.

Productions did open. They opened because actors can't be kept on salary while producers wait for a strike to end. The season even had the annual out-of-town casualties that are part of the ritual: A lavish revival of Gershwin's *Oh, Kay!* folded in Washington; *Back Country*, a big new musical, called it a season in Boston; *Broadway, Broadway*, a comedy, never made it there.

The play that began this Broadway season would have been a non-occurrence even without a newspaper strike. *Players* was an Australian drama about a power struggle among a football team's executives. It did not explain, for the sake of American audiences, exactly what Australian football *is*, but for that matter, neither did it explain why it was written at all. This was one of those plays that proceed, in a perfectly professional way, to nowhere. And so the eccentric *Players* disappeared into the limbo of unreality created by the strike. You had to go downtown yourself to find out whether it was still being performed, and who remembered how to learn things firsthand?

If theater isn't a firsthand experience, it is nothing. Presence is its essential and unique quality. The more palpable of Broadway's early premieres was *Eubie!*—a sort of *Ain't Misbehavin' Part Two*. The holdover success from last season is an elaborately staged concert—a sketchless and wordless musical revue based on the songs of Fats Waller. *Eubie!* does much the same with the music of Eubie Blake.

James Hubert Blake and Thomas Waller were products and victims of an America whose racial attitudes we can look back on with something less than pride. Their nicknames, "Eubie" and "Fats," reflect the condescension with which they were treated and with which they had to deal.

There is an interesting contrast between these two black composers who survived a time (the Twenties and Thirties) of complacent bigotry. Blake succeeded by writing songs in the white style ("I'm Just Wild About Harry," "Memories of You"). Waller managed by pretending to be the playful black man whose raunchiness could fulfill white fantasies. Because he was strictly a songwriter, Blake had to depend on others to make his songs popular. Perhaps that is why he wrote revues called *Shuffle Along* and *Chocolate Dandies*, though I suspect he merely accepted the way things were. Waller, though sometimes forced to sell songs to white composers ("On the Sunny Side of the Street," "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby"), could—being a performer—express his resentments, injecting irony into seemingly servile numbers. The snorting contempt beneath Waller's laughter seems more manly and less acquiescent than Blake's formula white songs. There was rebellion and dignity in Waller's work.

Yet if Blake's songs seem an attempt to sound white, Waller's could be shameful in a much more profound way. After all, his "Black and Blue" includes the lyric:

> I'm white, inside,
> But that don't help my case
> 'Cause I can't hide
> What is on my face....

Though Waller didn't write that lyric (Andy Razaf did), we must suppose he accepted its philosophy of blackness being a cross to bear.

I suspect that black people would not judge Waller or Blake as harshly as white liberals would. Uncle Tomming, during *times when*, is for the most part treated compassionately. There is almost a joy and pride in such survival. Blacks don't make the mistake other minority groups often make, blaming their own for enduring persecution.

The singing of "Black and Blue" is the most powerful moment in *Ain't Misbehavin'*, because of its grievous lyrics and because of the young black actors singing them with such steely-eyed comprehension. This drama, plus the plain superiority of Waller's songs over Blake's, plus a greater integrity of production style, make *Ain't Misbehavin'* better theater than *Eubie!* Yet as a commercial entertainment and as a tribute to a songwriter still alive at 95, the latter can do no harm.

Neither can *On Golden Pond*. This first play by Ernest Thompson began the season at the Hudson Guild, a modest off-Broadway institution that has established a reputation for reliability. *On Golden Pond* risks being corny. Its story is simple: An 80-year-old man, depressed by his approaching death, has his vitality (and perhaps his life) saved by the 13-year-old grandson who brings him the gift of youth. At the same time, the man and his wife come to savor the profound love they share. Well-written for character and dialogue, and beautifully performed by actors who can take advantage of that, this lovely play creates a gentle, emotional satisfaction that good theater can provide even when it isn't great.

It is interesting, I think, to compare such success with the considerably more ambitious aspirations of the Circle in the Square's *The Inspector General*. The director of this production, a Rumanian named Liviu Ciulei, has been heralded as a genius on the basis of works he directed for Washington's Arena Stage. Nikolai Gogol's satire of politicians and people has become a staple because, though only a minor classic, it cannot be done badly or fail to entertain. But, as with most publicized genius, Ciulei's was prematurely hailed, and as with most foolproof plays, *The Inspector General* had not yet proved itself with every fool.

Refusing to trust the play, Ciulei overdirected. Dipping into basic East European avant-gardism, which is still essentially Brechtian, as if he'd just discovered it, Ciulei indulged himself, stifling the play in the process.

So, for better or worse, the season did begin. Perhaps we have learned that the theater is a firsthand experience and exists whether or not there are newspapers. ◉

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TELEVISION

Masterpiece's Movable Feast

by Karl E. Meyer

Gemma Jones as "A scullery maid who cooked her way to the top."

DOWNSTAIRS IS IN a dither, preparing a meal fit for royalty. There will be four wines, of course, but what shall be served with the turbot? "Ah," decrees the butler, his brow furrowed over the cellar list, "something fresh and gay from the banks of the Moselle." With that, in an early episode of "The Duchess of Duke Street"—the tale of a scullery maid who cooked her way to the top—we know we are off and away in that land of Cockaigne that goes by the name of *Masterpiece Theatre*.

Ingeniously timed at 9 PM on Sunday on most PTV stations, *Masterpiece Theatre* has probably sent more millions of viewers into the kitchen for a nosh than any other series in television history. During its nine seasons, we have been treated, so to speak, to a Cooke's tour of human history. What delicacies have flickered before us! There were upstairs banquets at the Bellamys' house on Eaton Place (saddle of lamb, with a special sauce devised by Mrs. Bridges); gastronomic orgies in "I, Claudius" (with Livia's killingly good side dishes); simple Cornish fare in "Poldark"; and dozens of great Dickensian repasts.

But with "The Duchess of Duke Street," a 15-part series that began in October, the rush to the refrigerator should reach Boston Marathon proportions. This is not a series to be seen by those concerned with world hunger, or contemplating a diet. In justice, the corporate underwriter (Mobil) should dispense food stamps to those who stay the course.

Set in Edwardian England, the series was very generally inspired by the career of Rosa Lewis, the proprietor of the Cavendish on Jermyn Street, the most fashionable of London hotels for high-spirited aristocrats. Here renamed Louisa Trotter, the "duchess" is played with three-star perfection by Gemma Jones, otherwise known for her many stage roles (including that of Titania in Peter Brooks's memorable *Midsummer Night's Dream*).

If "Duchess" sometimes seems like a return to the world, and the themes, of the Bellamys' Edwardian household, it is partly because BBC producer John Hawkesworth was also responsible for "Upstairs, Downstairs." But "The Duchess of Duke Street" is distinctly sharper, and sometimes gamier, than the earlier series. After all, Louisa rises because she beguiles the eye, and the palate, of the soon-to-be Edward VII—a quiet payoff from Buckingham Palace provides her with the capital to start the Bentinck Hotel, as the Cavendish is called in the series.

How much of this tale is true, how much fiction, I cannot say, but Louisa's culinary skills, from soup to mints, are very convincingly conveyed. The camera stubbornly lingers in the kitchen when it is not navigating around the silver and napery of the burgeoning dinner table. Whatever the crisis at hand, there is always time for high tea, a nip of brandy, or a magnum of champagne. As much as anything else, the Edwardian world seems to have toppled from obesity.

Food aside, *Masterpiece Theatre* surely owes its long run to its skill at delineating the nuances of caste and class, the motif that recurs even in such lightweight stuff as the (to me) tedious Lord Peter Wimsey mysteries. In a country where birth, private education, and accent count for less, Americans are fascinated by British productions that recreate a stratified world in which money is not the pervasive measure of status. On the whole, Boston's station WGBH, the American producer of the series, has chosen its programs astutely (though I confess I had too much of "Poldark," and cannot fathom why the station let "The Pallisers" slip through).

Indeed, it is the repertory excellence of *Masterpiece Theatre* that makes it exceptional. Major British talents are willing to accept relatively low BBC salaries, and lesser roles, because the British do not share our superstar complex. Alan Bates is prouder of his role as "The Mayor of Casterbridge" than of his success in blockbuster movies.

Few viewers of *Masterpiece Theatre* are aware, I would guess, that host Alistair Cooke has for more than 30 years broadcast a weekly letter from America for BBC radio, without hope of riches or instant celebrity. There is in all this food for thought more substantial than *Masterpiece Theatre*'s weekly serving of savory pie from the sky. ◉

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Evviva Maria!"

by Irving Kolodin

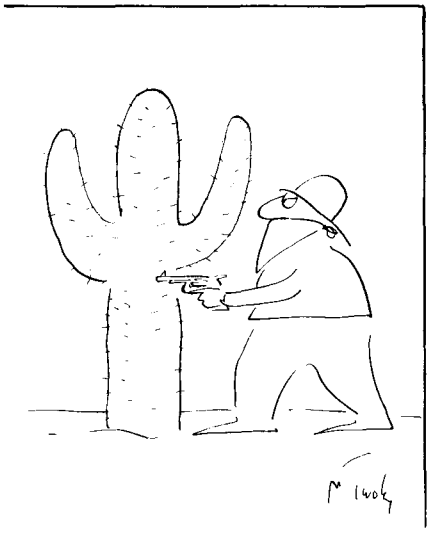
SEPTEMBER 16 is a date most admirers of the late Maria Callas would like to forget; this year it passed without mention of her death in Paris a year ago. But December 2 (or 3 or 4, depending on which source you accept) is something else. Commemorations of her birth have been taking shape for months, with some especially worth noting.

The most ambitious of them, fortunately, comes from an organization that has all the resources to do it justice: PBS. Its 90-minute documentary on Callas will be shown on December 2, on WNET, in New York at 8PM (check local listings for date and time).

Much of the program will concentrate on Milan's La Scala as the focal point of a career so engulfing that even the official who said, upon first hearing her elsewhere, "Not the voice for La Scala," had to eat his words. Here, of course, is one of the central facts about Callas and her remarkable career. If everything about it related to voice—and voice alone—the commemoration of her birth could be celebrated with performances of her many recordings.

Suitably, then, WNET has devoted the program not merely to recollections of her career, as opera-goers here saw and heard her, but to the impact Callas had on the colleagues who worked with her. The intermediary between them and the viewing audience will be the multi-talented Franco Zeffirelli (designer, director, sometime librettist), who is fluent in English.

Among the taped participants are the great Tito Gobbi, a baritone with whom Callas shared some of her most memorable moments (notably, her last stage appearance at the old Met in February, 1965, where she played Tosca to Gobbi's Baron Scarpia); conductor Carlo Maria Giulini; composer Giancarlo Menotti; sopranos Renata Scotto, Montserrat Caballé, and Renata Tebaldi; the late director, Luchino Visconti; even Biki, Milan's high-ranking *couturière*, a fashion adviser to popes as well as prima donnas.



Some of what they have to say comes under the heading of "What Callas Learned From Me." Others incline toward the reflected glory of "What I Learned From Callas." Tebaldi, of course, avoids both. Rather, as might be expected, she deals in esteem and regret: esteem for an artist of such importance, when they were polar personalities (a great dramatic personality versus a great vocalist); regret for the so-called "feud," which was generated largely by camp-followers and journalists.

If the outcome focuses attention on what Callas didn't learn from anyone (including such a master of high finance as Aristotle Onassis), it would be how to make a will. In the year since her death, a major controversy has swirled around the disposition of her considerable estate.

For those who may have missed the details of this development, they may be recounted briefly. Callas's "considerable estate," estimated at from $10 to $15 million, stemmed largely from Onassis's assignment to her, at the end of their liaison, of the income from a tanker. She did, of course, have a sizable annual income—as such matters go—from record royalties. But it was nothing compared to the $1 million a year she derived from the tanker.

When she died without specifying either personal or charitable beneficiaries, the estate reverted to the French courts for resolution. Litigation was inevitable, with the living members of the Callas family (mother and sister) on one side and Giovanni Battista Meneghini, her husband from 1949 to 1960, on the other. In the settlement they reached, approximately half went to the mother from whom she had been estranged for nearly 30 years; the rest, to the man she had divorced in 1960.

While Callas's possible preferences in disposing of her earthly possessions have been preempted, others have moved in to exploit the portions of her artistic heritage not protected by copyrights. Included are the broadcasts with Callas that document the eruptive years of the early Fifties, when her abilities were maturing not merely from year to year, but from performance to performance.

Should the public have access to these evidences of Callas in transition? Absolutely; but not to the profit of those who had nothing to do with them. Statements have been made pertaining to "permissions" from some participants, but I haven't seen such documents. One American distributor has passed the responsibility on to his overseas suppliers with the smug addendum: "You know what Italian courts are like—it would take years for anything to happen."

Some well-wishers, friends, and admirers of Callas have undertaken to create "living memorials" in the form of scholarships in her name. One is under consideration at the Juilliard School in New York, with which she had her last, distinguished American association in 1971-72. Those involved have been advised to seek assistance from the "Callas estate," whatever that ambiguous term may now mean. Meneghini has talked of building a larger-than-life statue to her memory in Milan. The Greek branch of her family may even add to the $50,000 with which Callas, some time ago, endowed a scholarship at the conservatory she attended in Athens.

But, as ever, the most profound tribute to any artist is the work for which he, or she, was responsible. The WNET documentary will include considerable footage from news clips of the 1950s and 1960s. Also excerpted are portions of an extended interview on Callas's roles and how she viewed them, conducted by England's titled operatic authority, Lord Harewood. More can be expected before air-time.

Stormy in life, Callas had an eye-of-the-hurricane effect on the world around her, which was destined to make her no less stormy in death. Fortunately, those who admired her for what she was and never benefited, either in money or reflected glory, from her existence, can salute it with a fervent "Evviva Maria!" as the past is beamed their way. ◉

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PLEASURES: BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

High-Priced Heavens

by Horace Sutton

Wailea Beach Hotel—"Peering behind the potted palms for Peter Lorre."

BEST OF ALL I liked the mornings at Maui before the wind came up as it did each afternoon and began to etch ripples in the sea. The slow Hawaiian rollers would advance on the beach at Wailea, coming in from the southwest, somewhere between Lanai, the private island where the Dole people grow pineapples, and Kahoolawe, the federal island where the Navy people drop bombs for practice. The combers would start tentatively as a swell, feeling, as a hand feels for a light switch in a dark room, for the sea floor. Then they would curl in a spiral of blue and come splashing white and blue on the ocher sands, leaving pools of foam that would spread flat across the beach.

In the earliest of hours the sun would send shafts of light over the great shoulders of Haleakala, the volcano that rose behind the beach place where we lived. Then Lanai, anchored there offshore like some magnificent green galleon, would stand in clear outline against the sky, a wisp of a cloud riding windward of its highest peak like an aviator's scarf ruffling in the wind. The doves would sound their morning call, and I would leave our place by the door that faced Haleakala and take the path where the white Singapore plumerias grow in splendid clusters, their blossoms just nose-high so that the scent that is the supreme essence of Hawaii would ride to the center of one's soul without a detour. Then I would walk to the rough wooden bridge that spans the gully overgrown with blue morning glory and green groundcover. On fortuitous days I would share the scene with a cardinal that would flutter to a position on the railing. And then I would stop to behold the outrageous raiment of that bird, and the rolling grassy hillocks that carpeted the way to the sea and felt like shredded cabbage when you walked on them.

I would wait there until he had had enough of the railing and bounced off to make a trampoline of a pandanus leaf that looked inviting. The mynah birds would be bouncing along the path then, not nearly so regal as the cardinal, nor as prissy as the doves, busy with breakfast that lay somewhere in the depths of the coarse grass. The sheer cliffsides of Kahoolawe were in deep shadow in the distance, but in front of them I could see the Rinso-white sail of a schooner heading across the horizon. Down by the beach where I headed for a morning meeting with the Pacific, the lava rocks lay unkempt as they had frozen when, in some long ago, they hit the water in a molten spew that had tumbled down the sides of Haleakala from the crater 10,000 feet away.

It is perhaps mornings like these that account for the rush to find some piece of Maui to call one's own. The sales of condominium apartments at Wailea on East Maui, and as well at Kapalua on pineapple lands in West Maui, are almost beyond the line of comprehension. At Wailea, which is a development of the venerable Hawaiian firm of Alexander and Baldwin, in partnership with Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co., the plans call for 400 condominium units, mostly in low-rise clusters. The last 148 units, being built along the golf course and therefore not on beachfront property, were sold by lottery in four days. Five hundred prospective buyers, many of them having traveled considerable distances, were present at the lottery. By the 170th drawing all the lots were sold. The average price was $168,000, for a sale of $25 million in four days.

My mind, a fiscal clutter at best, was loitering somewhere west of boggleville trying to deal with these numbers when, a few days later, I drove the hour's run along the coast of Maui, down past Kaanapali, a four-mile-long beach, which I knew when it didn't have a hotel or a tour bus on it, to the resort of Kapalua, even newer than Wailea. There, the Maui Land and Pineapple Co., normally in the business of growing pineapples for canning under private-store labels, had found itself with 30,000 acres of land, 23,000 of it on West Maui. Pineapples were growing on some 10,000 acres.

The company had saturated its own pineapple market, but tourism and real estate were another thing. Colin Cameron, its 51-year-old chairman, son of a newspaperman who had floated into Hawaii to take a job on a Honolulu paper, and a mother descended from an old-line Hawaiian family, decided to peel off 300 acres of pineapple lands, add another 150 acres and create a re-

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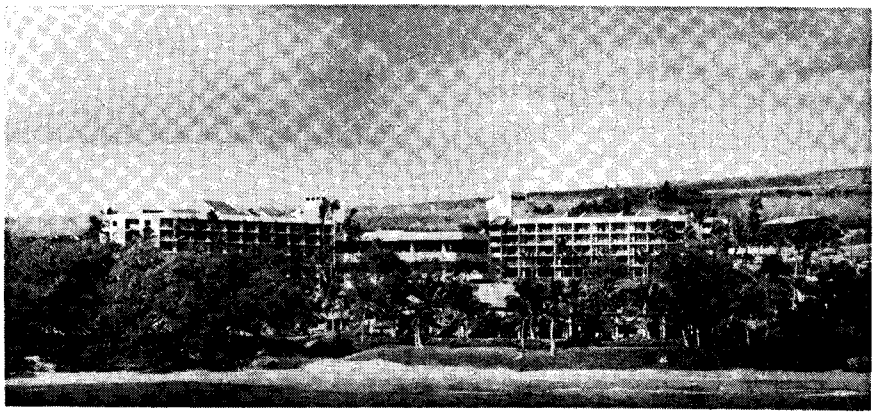
sort. It was not without reason that he had been sent to Harvard Business School.

He built a handsome golf course alongside the majestic stand of Cook pines that, as old-time Maui visitors will remember, leads to the lofty Pineapple Hill restaurant. Last year 44,000 duffers teed off on the course, leaving a revenue of over $1 million. Four separate condominium units were laid out, and then sold on faith, plans, maquettes, and a dream. There was nothing on the ground to look at—just the sea, the golf course, the hill, and the row of Cook pines. Over 600 prospective buyers registered an intent to buy a unit at one cluster called the Ridge. It was sold, at lottery, to 134 buyers who paid an average of $207,000 each, dropping $27.7 million into the company coffers. Not long afterwards, a super-select neighborhood called the Ironwoods, on a lava outcropping over the Pacific, was presented to 36 prospective buyers at a cocktail party. Thirty-two units were available for sale, and they went for an average price of $442,000. Whereas the Wailea owners have bought their land as well as the condominium on it, Kapalua's residents have contracted for lease-hold arrangements. That means the company still owns the land, and the resident is obliged to pay an annual rental.



Condominium nest at Wailea, Hawaii—"Somewhere west of boggleville."

Mortal souls who work for salaries will have difficulty determining the origins of so much disposable income, as well as the downright daring to demand such prices, to say nothing of the supreme willingness of people to enter a contest for the right to pay them. Some answer can be found in purchasing for investment. But more than that is the pop popularity of Maui—Waikiki is considered by many to be all used up—where a million visitors put ashore last year. Most of them think of Maui Beach and Ulua Beach. The second hotel, now opening for its premiere season, and called, with a certain exactness, the Wailea Beach Hotel, has been fitted between condominium villages and placed right in front of Mokapu Beach. It is owned by Grosvenor International, a Canadian company that originates with the London Grosvenors, but Western International Hotels will run it.

Western is in partnership, as they like to call it, with United Airlines, whose flying machines have reeked of pikake and plumeria since the earliest days of Hawaiian air travel. Western also now operates the celebrated Mauna Kea Beach Hotel built with personal loving care by Laurance Rockefeller 13 years ago, nurtured into one of the finest resorts in the nation, and then, for head-scratching reasons, sold to Western and United this year. United, with landing rights on Hilo, an international airport on the Big Island (as well as conventional rights at Honolulu Airport), can now land passengers at both its new Hawaiian hotels without ever making a pass at Waikiki. There is connecting service from Kahalui Airport on Maui with Hilo and so to the west coast of the real world.

Certain patterns in the new Wailea Beach Hotel reflect the influence of Mauna Kea. The walk-in lobby, which is on the fifth floor, is designed as a structural fanfare. The entranceway is bordered by reflecting pools and concrete sculptures. But once inside, there is a moment of breathtaking expansiveness. All the Pacific seems to be spread at one's blucher tips. The decor does little to thwart that illusion. White wicker that seems to need little more than Sydney Greenstreet in a matching white linen suit to complete the cameo is everywhere. The discotheque, a dazzling mosaic of mirrors, is called Lost Horizon, not so much because one might find oneself disoriented with all the blare and the lights, but because of some sentimental, if tenuous, link with the Shangri-la, Western's hotel in Singapore. (One assumes everyone in the class knows that Shangri-la was to James Hilton's *Lost Horizons* as Gopher Prairie was to Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*.) In the center court, between the lobby and the beach, a natural gorge has been gifted with a pair of waterfalls, a tropical bridge, and an island that are intended to bring a breath of Bora-Bora to the swimming pool.

If one is not by now possessed of a fan and peering behind the potted palms looking for Peter Lorre, then a visit to Raffles will be the crowning glory. Raffles is a beanery, albeit an elegant one, named for Sir Thomas Raffles, who functioned in the East for the British Empire when the sun was shining on it everywhere, and who gave his name to the illustrious Raffles Hotel in Singapore. A number of the offerings on the menu have been named for British authors of note, among them Crèpes Noel Coward, and Duck Pâté à la Maugham. Their likenesses appear on the menu cover along with that of Rudyard Kipling, who, as some keen-eyed researcher spotted, once mouthed the immortal line, "Feed at Raffles when in Singapore."

With all those penmen thus honored, one might think the management might have added a writing desk to the assemblage of wicker in the guest rooms. But no. Analytical heads have divined that nobody but Michener comes to Hawaii to write. However, every chamber does have a refrigerator, as well as color television and an AM-FM radio. The assessment for this sort of lodging will be $49 to $59 a day for two, meals extra, and that bargain price is considered an "introductory rate."

Coming next door to the hotel will be another condominium where the prices are expected to run from $250,000 to $450,000. As with the other Wailea apartments, these can be rented through Vilcor, Hawaii, Ltd. Renters can use the golf club (36 holes) and the tennis club, which has 11 Laykold courts and an exceptional pro in Wick Phillips.

Wailea Town does not have the frenzy of Lahaina, the old whalers' village, for which some might pine and others might be thankful. But there is an assortment of restaurants in the hotels, at the golf and tennis clubs, at the Steak House, and on the premises of a displaced Basque who calls himself Robaire, and whose pedigree includes apprenticeship at some of the best feeding-pens in New York. ◉

(This is the first of two articles on Hawaii.)

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Wit Twister No 131

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The ruined ___ ___ ___ ___ holds
sheepfolds. Farmers share
Near crumbling buttresses small
garden spaces.
On chard and ___ ___ ___ ___ the
carven gargoyles stare,
Like spellbound ___ ___ ___ ___
with hungry, haunted faces.

Answers next issue

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Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 120

MJY KIA NJU PWLMYAL MU EYILUA WL PULM: EYILUA YALPIFYL IPP NJULY KWAZL IEY AUM LMEUAC YAURCJ MU KIMYE JYE.

—LJIN

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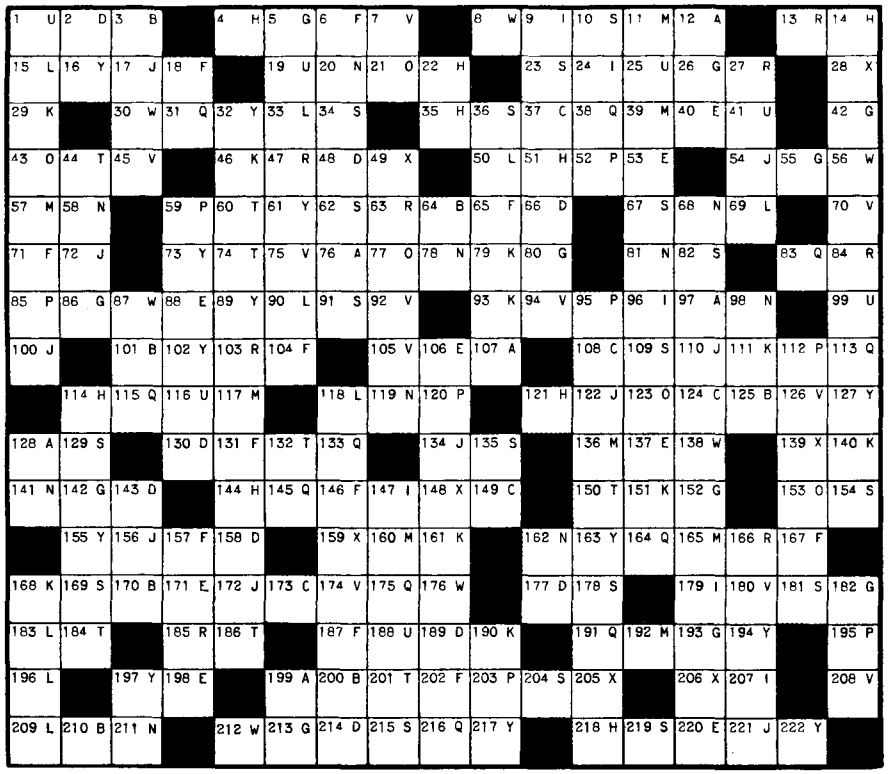
DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Number 160

by Thomas H. Middleton



Instructions:

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to ***Double Crostic*** *159* appears on page 6.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Became incandescent	12 76 97 107 128 199
B. Am. orator and statesman (1794–1865) who spoke at Gettysburg on the same occasion as Lincoln	200 210 3 170 64 101 125
C. Cuban dance	149 173 37 108 124
D. Having no jaws	130 143 158 189 214 2 177 48 66
E. Permissiveness, tolerance	88 106 137 171 198 220 40 53
F. Sheer muslin used chiefly in curtains and women's summer clothes (2 wds.)	65 71 104 146 157 167 187 131 202 / 6 18
G. Ciphers, zeros, nobodies	26 55 80 86 142 152 182 193 213 / 5 42
H. Game fish found in warmer waters of the Atlantic	51 144 4 22 121 218 14 35 114
I. Am. medicinal plant; white baneberry, e.g.	179 207 9 24 96 147
J. Kinkajous (2 wds.)	156 172 221 17 54 110 122 134 72 / 100
K. Puzzling	161 190 29 46 79 93 111 140 151 / 168
L. "Fly not: stand still; ____ debt is paid," says Brutus (*Julius Caesar*)	209 50 15 33 69 90 118 183 196
M. Son of G&S's *Mikado* (comp.)	11 39 57 165 192 117 136 160
N. Satirical novel by Rabelais	68 81 98 162 20 58 78 141 211 / 119
O. Dull blue	123 153 21 43 77
P. Extension; supplement	95 203 85 112 52 120 195 59
Q. Pen name for Thackeray	133 115 164 216 145 191 38 175 83 / 113 31
R. Fixed; open-and-shut; on ice (3 wds.)	63 84 185 47 166 13 103 27
S. Mac Hyman novel dramatized by Ira Levin (4 wds.)	91 67 215 10 181 219 178 36 62 / 129 169 34 23 204 109 82 154 / 135
T. Cold Spanish soup	184 60 44 150 132 201 74 186
U. Uriah, for instance (II Sam. 11:3)	19 25 1 41 99 188 116
V. 1931 Kaufman-Ryskind musical with a Gershwin score (4 wds.)	180 70 7 208 45 94 126 174 75 / 105 92
W. Completely	56 8 30 138 87 212 176
X. Thwarted	49 206 139 159 28 148 205
Y. In disorganized fashion; in all directions (3 wds.)	217 127 32 61 89 155 102 16 73 / 194 197 163 222

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THE BACK DOOR

Image

WHEN WOODY ALLEN directed an intentionally unfunny film, *Interiors*, critical reaction centered more on the fact of his change in mode than on the qualities of the film he had made. When President Carter emerged from the Camp David summit conference, he seemed suddenly a wholly different President from the one who had entered it. When Pope John Paul I died, almost all that survived him in the world's consciousness was, as with the Cheshire cat, a smile.

No human being is as uncomplicated as his image. Forced to think about it, one realized that Woody Allen may be more than a clown; that President Carter must have been capable of more effective leadership than he had been exhibiting pre-Camp David; that the late Pope must have been more than sweet, humble, and shy. Nonetheless, the mind categorizes. For the sake of order we confine complex individuals to the cubicle of an image. We do this not only to public figures but, to some extent, to every person of our acquaintance. Old Jack is the perennial optimist; Miss Nit, a desiccated spinster; Billy, a jock; Alphonse, a lush; and so forth. Even those we know best and love most—for that matter, even our own selves—we simplify into an image for the sake of comprehension. The human being is the only creature who can "surprise" himself because he is the only creature who holds in his mind an image of himself that he can confute.

An image is built by selecting, weighing, and ordering facts. When few facts are available, the image tends to be simple and vivid: John Paul equalled his smile. What makes Dickens's secondary characters so memorable is his way of reducing them each to a single, absurdly magnified trait. When a myriad of details is available, image depends on emphasis: Was Nixon's wrongdoing a single mistake of judgment or emblematic of his personality?

In the days before instant communications and the relentless and shameless nosiness of the press, the cultivation of an image was a simpler task than it is today. A politician could tell his various audiences what he wanted them to hear, and show to the country as much of himself as he wanted shown. Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson, for instance, could hide their grave illnesses from an unsuspecting public, whereas today the world speculates if a President sniffles. Television is a particularly brainless and potent shaper of images that can make a less-than-glib politician seem a dolt or a bore, regardless of his intelligence or his politics.

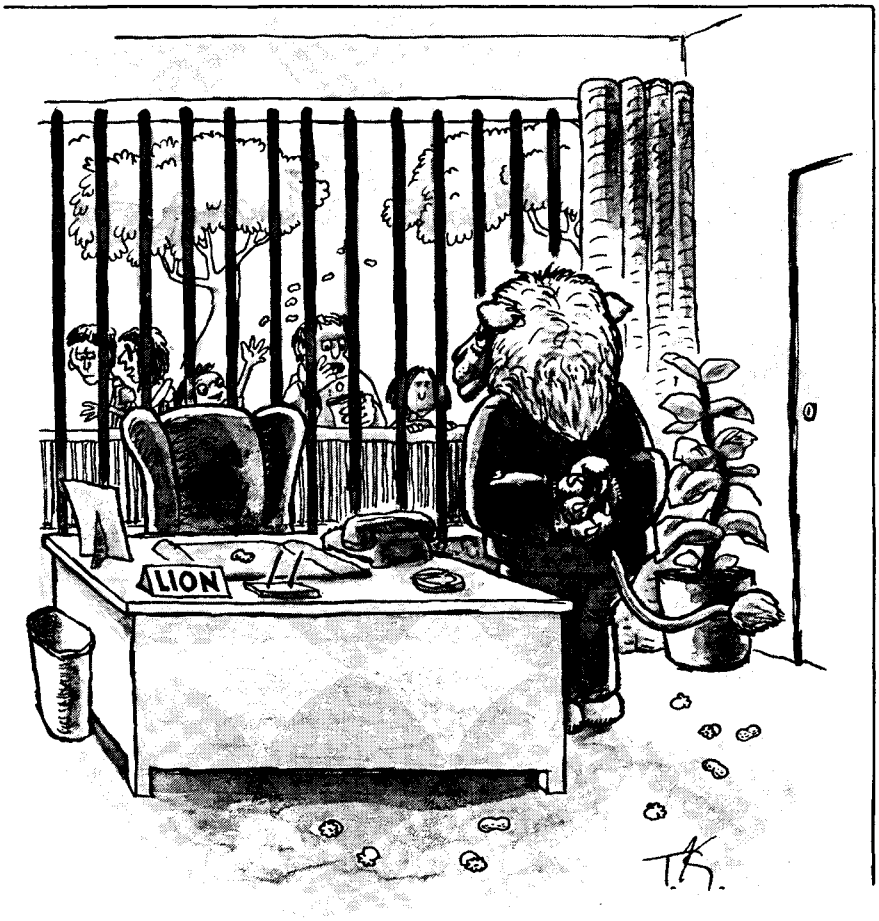
Rarely, indeed, will a person's image coincide with actuality. Long before Hamlet protested that he was more than he appeared to be, that he had "that within which passeth show," serious persons had been uncomfortable with their images. But to argue, on that basis, that able men shouldn't need to be "propped up" by image counselors (i.e., PR persons) is to envisage an ideal world that doesn't exist.

An individual's image enhances or detracts from his power to persuade. People tend to listen more attentively to the reputed wise man than to the wiseacre. When a person known for getting things done says something will be done, one is more likely to believe him. It was inspiring how quickly various politicians experienced a change of heart toward Carter's legislative initiatives after the Camp David summit.

A person engaged in solitary pursuits—a poet, for instance—need not worry about his image, except as conveyed through his work. For a politician, however, image cultivation is an essential activity. Those who fault Carter for employing Gerald Rafshoon to orchestrate that task on the President's behalf overlook how the appearance of leadership can facilitate leadership.

Children may believe that a "man is who he is." But in the actual world, men and women are judged not on the basis of what they have done, but on the basis of what they are perceived to have done. True, a person's image may have nothing to do with his worth as a person. But the fact that Walter Cronkite has never filmed an ad for instant-anything has a lot to do with his being the most trusted man in America.

—CARLL TUCKER



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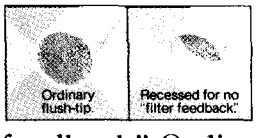

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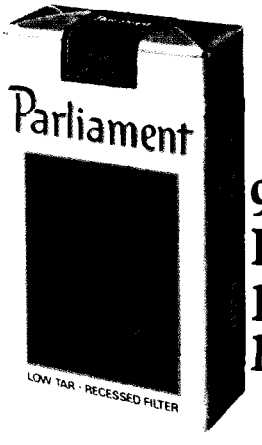

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